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GRACE GREENWOOD ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A LETTER TO MR. HORACE GREELEY.

DEAR MR. GREELEY:—Among the first articles of a strong diet, in the way of reading, allowed me in my slow convalescence from a severe illness, comes your paper, entitled, "My Notions of Woman's Rights." Many of the ideas in that manifesto I endorse—all I respect as the honest expressions of a faithful, practical friend of woman; and yet, on some of your propositions, I beg you will allow me a little talk, just to show how they strike a mind most femininely unphilosophical and illogical, and touched with that contagion of discontent with the existing order of things which is afflicting the womanhood of the age.

I accept your first proposition, "that God created our race, male and female, with clear-seeing intent that it should thereby be rendered more efficient, nobler, happier, than it otherwise could be."

As a woman, feeling all the sweet bitterness of woman's lot, knowing its costly joys, its love-born sorrows, its humiliations, following fast upon its little triumphs and its life-long burden of precious cares, I cling to my faith in the goodness and justice of the Creator, when all other faith fails—cling for dear life. No *man* can know what infinite consolation we find in this half-devout, half-desperate reliance on the divine good intent, in the matter of our creation and destiny. Yet I venture to doubt if God's plans and purposes toward us have yet been fully understood and fairly interpreted, even by great philosophers and doctors of divinity.

I admit your second proposition, that the present relations of the sexes, involving man's supremacy and woman's dependence, are of very ancient origin indeed. Adam and Eve probably *fell* into them; or, if the Darwinian theory be true, they may be the honored relics of a simian period, of indefinite antiquity. But does it therefore follow that they must exist essentially unchanged forever? Adam had but one wife, for obvious reasons, but polygamy soon became a respectable patriarchal institution. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, and that without profanely flying in the face of Providence. Is not change as much the "divine order" as stability?

I do not dispute the next proposition, that the earliest human governments were formed and administered by men. You probably had it all your own way in those antediluvian caucuses and constitutional conventions. I doubt not that the women staid quietly at home, attending to their simple culinary duties, while the men made the laws; but it it is not altogether clear to my mind that things would not have gone smoother with the young world if occasionally the men had cooked, and the women had legislated. And I don't think that matters were made any worse in primitive times by the occasional elevation and supremacy of clever, strong-minded women. One of that sort sat on the Supreme bench in Israel, without disgracing it by unconstitutional decisions.

The next proposition I accept with some qualifications. The household *is* the peculiar "kingdom of woman," and I think that, as far as possible, all young girls should be taught to rule and serve in that kingdom. Yet there are women of great executive ability who have no households to direct; and there are other women of rare intellectual gifts who absolutely cannot be housekeepers. Nature seems to have denied them the necessary faculty. They could no more order a household than I could edit the *Tribune*, or than you, Mr. Greeley, could teach a dancing-school. What shall we do with such?

You seem to answer the question when you so generously say, "I affirm the right of woman to do whatever she can do well, even though her ability be exceptional and not common to her sex;" but you only specify a single case of a woman as deserving of honor for adopting a so-called unfeminine avocation. It is that of a wife or daughter who supports a crippled husband or father by tilling a farm or garden—working "by herself," or with the aid only of female hired men.

Now, suppose that the devoted wife or daughter lacks the taste or physical strength for such work, and successfully engages in the practice of law or medicine, you surely would not refuse her your respect.

As for the right of suffrage, in the first place, I would put myself on record as an advocate for a constitutional amendment requiring an educational qualification. I would have no man or woman vote who should not be found able to write his or her name and to read the New York *Tribune*. I cannot share your apprehensions of the consequences of extending the right thus guarded to us. If you give dear woman "more rope," I hope it will not be to "go hang!" I trust that the ballot in her hands will not be, even in your city, a free ticket to Sing-Sing or Albany. We shall not all take to stock-gambling and legislation, to club-house life, the stump, and the jury-box, at once. We shall not all go to Congress and perdition together. Believe me, enough of us will remain at home (and it will still be called *home* and not *chez moi*) to keep the kettle boiling and the cradle rocking. The good husband and father will find that the soul of a true home will survive the magnanimous granting of the rights we claim. Otherwise we were ingrates indeed. Dinners will be as well cooked as now—domestic service will be no more uncertain—hearth-fires will burn as brightly—easy-chair, dressing-gown, and slippers will be conserved. If mamma goes quietly out on election day to vote for mayor or governor; if Miss Alice drops into the hospital clinic, and Miss Emma runs round to the law-school, to take notes of a lecture on the laws of divorce, I have the cheerful faith to believe that there may still come, now and then, to *paterfamilias*, the old familiar milliner's bill, or the French bootmaker's little account, to console him with the assurance that "lovely woman still stoops to folly."

If Mr. Smith regales himself at breakfast-time with the spicy *World*, while Mrs. Smith enjoys her *Tribune*, I don't see why their political differences should involve them in a serious "unpleasantness," any more than the fact that Mr. Smith is a Close-Communion Baptist, while madam belongs to the "Broad church" of Dr. Bellows—unless, indeed, politics are a more vital element in American social life than religion.

I sincerely hope, my dear sir, you will be able to raise your Amazonian army of "one hundred thousand scientific, skilful, thoroughly qualified cooks"—according to Notion X. Cookery is an excellent calling, and sorely needs recruits; still I cannot see in it a very tempting opening for the exceptional woman of talent and ambition. You don't offer bounty enough in the way of wages. Then, the great cooks of the world are, and always have been, *men*. We humbly yield the point of your supremacy in this science, as in the highest walks of dramatic literature. You have Shakespeare and you have Soyer. Dumas is as great in the *cuisine* as in the study. I doubt not Mr. Greeley can turn from dashing off a leader to concocting a chowder, and that the two products of his genius will be alike masterly. I doubt not that he could serve up a pudding and an anti-protectionist with sauces equally hot and spicy, and do a duck as brown as a Democrat.

Now, my dear Mr. Greeley, could there be such an amazing American product as a female Soyer, would you rather that one of those beloved daughters of whom you speak should be that queen of cooks, than to see her a second Portia, an eloquent advocate, able to stand before judge and jury, with countenance modest yet unabashed, there to defend some poor sister in peril of her life, or to denounce the despoiler of woman's innocence and peace, the desecrater of a happy home, with somewhat of the power and more than the pathos of a Curran? Ah! would you not, if such a thing were possible, sooner have her worthily succeed her father as a great journalist, as a fearless champion of social and political reform, as a quickener of noble, healthful thought, an inciter to brave living, for thousands of her young countrymen and countrywomen, than to know that she could cook a potato like St. Bridget herself, than to have her give her name to a soup of unimagined deliciousness and nutritiousness?

But it is not what *we* would rather have our daughters do, but what *they* would rather do—what they feel they can do best, what their instincts demand for the exercise of their noblest powers and strongest proclivities—that is the question. If a quiet, domestic life is sufficient for your daughter or mine, well and good, and *very good*. I am the last to deny honor to the labors and duties in which I was trained; but if the strong bent of their desires and energies is in another direction, can we, dare we, stand in their way? We may prefer to have them Eves and Imogens, in essential womanhood, but, practically, they must be the women of their own, not of Milton's or of Shakespeare's age.

We must look the fact in the face, that many women, like men, are ambitious; that they have often as intense and sleepless desires for excellence and distinction as men. If, as you all tell us, we are surpassed in every department of literature art, and science; if even in cookery we are outdone, while we hear the queens of society declare that male dressmakers excel us, fashioning robes that fit the female form as though they loved it—what wonder if, in our unchastened conceit, we fancy that in some of those pursuits from which custom has debarred us we may yet rival our brothers? What wonder that, dropping the needle, we seize upon the scalpel; that, failing on soups and stews, we would turn for consolation to divinity or diplomacy?

We must look another fact in the face—that women are mercenary. We like money, and a good deal of it. Many of us prefer to earn it for ourselves, and some of us must earn it, whether we prefer to or not; so, naturally, cannot be exactly content to work for half wages, even at the most feminine employments. We live by bread, and we want it buttered, and we shall take all fair means of improving our worldly condition. That the right of suffrage will help us, materially and at once, I cannot say; but I should like to see it tried. If our subordination and utter domestication are according to the eternal laws of Nature, why re-enact those laws? Why not leave the matter in the hands of the great mother? Remove legal restrictions and disabilities, trust a little in us, and a good deal in God, and all will come right, I think. Till then, it is in vain to counsel us to "lie down in the pleasant pastures, beside the still waters" of our blessed womanly condition. Though knee-deep in clover, we shall not cease to career about the enclosure, looking for weak places in the wall, and perversely fancying that there is better pasturage, that there are sweeter waters over yonder. Throw down the barriers, and many of us will probably stay about where we are. Said once a profound old Yankee philosopher, "Women and critters"—meaning cows—"are a good deal alike."

If, by much importunity and many conventions, we weary our rulers into granting the rights in question, we shall have to sacrifice, we are told, the chivalrous respect and poetic sentiment with which dependent women are now regarded. But chivalry doesn't pay the poor widow's taxes, and poetry never eked out the salary of an underpaid teacher. In the struggle for justice, womanhood may lose some of its more delicate attributes—the bloom from the peach, the moss and dew from the rose—but one must live.

If avocations distasteful and unsuited to woman are imposed upon her, half in punishment for her temerity and obstinacy, I hope she will bear herself gallantly under the new burden. For my part, I should rejoice to see thousands of the pale, gaunt women who, now in the packed tenement-houses of our great cities, keep death and dishonor at bay with the point of a needle, taking to farming on the prairies of the West.

Once, when travelling in the Austrian Tyrol, I passed on the road a singular establishment. It was a cart, loaded with manure, and drawn by a cow, a donkey, and a woman, harnessed together. The master of this grotesque tandem-team, a burly peasant, walked leisurely beside it, meditatively smoking a meerschaum. One could see, by his placid countenance, that his soul had never been vexed by by the "woman question."

Now, Mr. Greeley, it seems to me, the worst we can look for, should our emancipated countrywomen be driven to the rudest agricultural pursuits, were a reproduction of this picture, with the master left out. With all respect, yours,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

WASHINGTON, September 28th, 1869.

P. S.—I heartily approve of your plan for a National Woman's Convention to consider these things. A call for such a convention has just been issued by some of our noblest representative women, headed by Lucy Stone, most feminine of the strong-minded. It is to meet at Cleveland, Ohio, about the middle of November, and we confidently look for the light of Mr. Greeley's countenance there.—*Hearth and Home*

THE CARLYLE AND EMERSON ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the Standard:

A MOVEMENT has been begun in England which promises to effect a good deal in the way of progress. The Carlyle and Emerson Association professes to call out the choicest of advanced minds by the test of appreciation of the two great men whose name it bears, and to direct and utilize their combined efforts. The following extract from an article in the *Idealist*, the organ of the Association, a magazine issued at 4 Ave Maria Lane, London, every alternate month, will give the best idea of the purposes and methods of the Society:

"The world has often enough beheld the achievements of associated persons, sworn to accomplish some purpose, wise or foolish, to have learnt the power of union. The present generation has been prolific in such examples. It has seen whole classes, by a happy inspiration of practical prudence, combine to secure for themselves provision of cheap food. It has seen a leagued multitude win the recognition of its ideas about Reform. Above all, it has seen all sorts of religious fanatics—Methodists, Mormons, Shakers—unite themselves by the strength of an enthusiastic purpose, and do great things after their own foolish methods; but it has yet to see the strongest and most earnest minds of the age, putting behind them alike the selfishness of class interest and the illusions of the dreamer, sternly resolving to make of their ideas actions to the furthest of their power, that so right, and social good, and beauty, be no longer, for them at least, mere toys for pedantic contemplation. Yet has the call been made, and invitation to such coöperation distinctly given. Carlyle, in his latest pamphlet, has called upon Nature's nobles, and all who would fain endeavor to prove themselves such, to be up and doing as wisely and as silently as they may. It now rests with every one who would not passively help to augment the apathy and indifference of the multitude, to respond. In all parts of the country a goodly number of minds are bestirring themselves, each one of whom is conscious of unremedied poverty and ignorance around him,—of religious bigotries and popular misconceptions on many matters of high import; but is still more conscious of his powerlessness, as an isolated individual, to do aught towards putting an end to this anarchy. Now, however, have some of these already commenced their united efforts, and by and bye a thousand such shall be laboring, under the banner of the Carlyle and Emerson Association, in every county and town, with the common aim of furnishing such facts as shall presently enable us to anticipate with certainty the good that the future promises to bring forth. For one result of these labors we hope to awaken from their stolid disregard thousands of persons whose lives are actuated by no high endeavor or aspiration. How unequalled is the influence of the teachings of Carlyle and Emerson in arousing such minds from their lethargy, many of us can, from personal experience, testify: these then it must be our aim to popularize. But ideas, and not men, are our principles of faith, and the objects of our veneration. We are Eclectics, and would gather from every thinker of the age the truths that promise to aid in the furtherance of our purpose, and those lessons to which we would give practical effect. Is it wondered why we have exalted Carlyle and Emerson to such conspicuous prominence, we reply, because their methods of thought are at once the truest and most attractive, their power in influencing other minds the most magical, their comprehension of the highest needs of humanity, the deepest and most exhaustive. Lastly, in an age of transition like the present, when numbers of earnest intellects are enduring the torturing uncertainties of doubt, an Intellectual Church is a world wide need. Such a church, and such communion, will the truth-seeker find in the Carlyle and Emerson Association.

"Unity of effort and purpose such as this must inevitably result in triumph. The Work of Progress must still be one of generations, but our steps are parallel with Time, and our faces toward the Morning Sun."

The objects and aims of the Association are thus ennumerated in one of its prospectuses:

1. To popularise the writings and teachings of Carlyle and Emerson, so eminently calculated to imbue the youth of the rising generation with such high and worthy aspirations as shall render progress possible hereafter.

2. To advocate the cause of a more efficient system of education, which shall make, by means of church machinery, as ample provision for the intellectual as for the moral welfare of the people: see below, (6).

3. To examine the causes of the pauperism and social degradation that afflict some classes, with a view to the discovery of a natural remedy.

4. To advocate a juster appreciation of the rights and true position of woman.

5. To foster, in league with the Continental Peace Societies, a determination to devise some method of amicably settling national differences.

6. To aid in so broadening the bases of the National Church that it may eventually embrace all earnest thinkers to whatever conclusions their reasonings may have brought them.

7. To render more universal a correct appreciation of the beautiful in Art, and to furnish some of the more advanced and refined minds throughout the country with fresh opportunities of culture and enable them to derive pleasure and benefit from intercourse with other intellects kindred to their own.

Emerson and Carlyle represent all that is highest and worthiest in the two countries: let their friendship and mutual sympathy be imbibed by their respective countrymen. Americans, in all parts of the Continent, are now invited to join with their English brethren in identifying themselves with the great work that is here sketched. Representatives are required in all parts, and any person can become such by addressing a communication to the Chief Secretary, 4 Ave Maria Lane, London, England.

OSAGE INDIAN COUNCIL.

Correspondence Leavenworth (Kansas) Times and Conservative, Oct. 7th.

ON Saturday afternoon, your correspondent left the thriving new town of Parkersburg in company with Col. J. W. Horner, of the Chetopa Advance, for the classic shades of Drum Creek, where our new Quaker Superintendent, Friend Enoch Hoag, and Agent Isaac D. Gibson, were to meet the retiring Agent, Major Snow, and have "big talk" with the "noble red men" of the Great and Little Osage Nation, and pay them their annuity of $15,000, being five per cent. interest on the $300,000 for their lands.

Passing through the towns of Westralia and Clymore, in sight of each other, and the latter named for the old chief whose village is near by, we cross Pumpkin creek, near where the brothers Odin were shot for killing a man with whom they had had a dispute about a claim, and young Powell, their accomplice, who, after receiving five shots, swam the creek with his hands tied behind him, and is living yet. The valleys of this stream, Potato Creek further west, and Drum creek, are very rich. I have seen nothing to excel the whole Virdigris country, certainly in Kansas.

Near the Big Hill Band village, at a sudden turn in the road, we came across a wolf. The Colonel's fine ponies curved their heads, and the wolf, not liking the intrusion, sullenly retired into the tall grass of the prairie. As is usually the case, their friends were not far distant and in the neighboring woods—two of the Wahsatches or Osages, the one in flaming red, with painted face and feathers, and the other in white, bobbing up and down on their galloping ponies, looked like two imps just let loose from Pandemonium. These Indians do not harm the wolf. They say "we could make no use of him, therefore it is not right to kill him." Berg should tender them membership in his humanitarian society.

Fifteen miles from our starting point on the Verdigris river, we reached Verdigris city, the county seat of Montgomery County. It is located on a beautiful town site. Pushing on, the next morning, three miles north, we arrived at Montgomery city, the rival of Verdigris city, for county-seat honors. Here we found the Osages in profusion encamped a few in tents, but most of them having a semi-circle of bushes stuck in the ground, occasionally covered with a buffalo robe, though most of them seemed to prefer an unobstructed view of the heavens. At night, these lords of the forest lay around, with their bare bodies on the bare ground, a little chunk of fire, though not enough to afford them any warmth, a part of them in tents or booths, and a part outside of them, their blankets thrown carelessly aside, as though they did not care to suffer with the heat—the picture of comfort and contentment. At the same time the pale-face brother was wearing his overcoat.

Their men are the largest and finest formed that I have ever seen—tall, straight, with full rounded, bared chests, their proud strut cannot be equalled even by Forrest on the stage. They are fine riders, and the squaws have no use for anything but a man's saddle, for they ride like men, and when they want to alight they generally stand upon the saddle and bound off on to the ground.

FIRST COUNCIL.

The Quaker officials not being expected before night, the Indians held a council to settle a serious matter among themselves, to which they invited Major Snow and Moses R. Neale, Esq., of Humboldt, who speaks Osage, to be present. It seems that when the murderers of the two white men in Butler County last year were demanded of the Osages, two of their men volunteered to be delivered up. One of them was not with the ten that committed the murder, the other, Hard Rope, is deemed to be the responsible party in the transaction. The proof not being strong, they were, after trial at Lawrence, it is supposed, permitted to escape. They now come forward and say: "We took our lives in our hands, not expecting to return alive, in order to save our nation from war with the United States; we have proved ourselves heroes, and demand recognition and honors at your hands." The chiefs offered them $500 each in settlement of their services. They indignantly rejected the offer, and declared that it was office they must have. They were made Second Conselors; but the half-breeds said it was only the threats they had made to kill the chiefs that induced them to yield to their appointment. Verily, one would suppose that the red man had been taking lessons of the "ring" of the white brother.

A DAY SET APART FOR TALK.

The next morning the Superintendent and new Agent having arrived, and the Indians having finished their mourning wail for their dead, and the whites their breakfast, a Council was announced as the order of the day. The Wahsatches having seated themselves on the ground in a semi-circle, waited with imperturable faces to begin the customary "ughs" and "hows" when anything was translated to them by the gentlemanly and patient half-breed, Monsieur Louis Choteau.

Major Snow made a neat little farewell speech, telling them he had done the best he could for them, and counseling them to unity, and to avoid dissension and the advice of bad white men.

Superintendent E. Hoag said:

"BROTHERS:—I am glad to meet you. The Great Spirit made all, black, white and red men, alike, with equal privileges. My desire is to concede you all rights I claim for myself. I have visited all the tribes; some have good farms. The Kaws don't work, so they suffer. It pains my heart that you are suffering. You should think, why is it so, when others have enough to eat and wear? I want to tell you. You have a great country. Your land does you no good. Many years ago the white man drove the red man west till he got him west of the great river, and he is still following you. This is all wrong, but it is so, and we can't help it. We will do the best we can for you, but we can't prevent him from following you up. Your father at Washington wants to try a plan to make your condition better. The only way is for you to educate your children and make yourselves farms. The great immigration from the Old World and the older States is driving buffalo farther away, and in a very few years they will all be gone. It is well in you to look for a better way to make a living. Now you can't cultivate farms or teach your children while you are going after buffalo. The white man is rich and strong because he labors with his own hands. Now if you change places with the white man, and you farm and he hunt buffalo, in a short time he would have to be fed by you. If white man steals your pony he won't tell it, and you can't, because you have no means of doing it, but if white man loses pony, he can put it in a paper, because he can read, and it is known hundreds of miles away in the same day. The President is your friend. The Commissioner is an Indian and is your true friend. They have made treaties for the Indians to have a State by themselves, and have their own judges and governors, and manage their own affairs. You see to-day bands of Indians surrounded by white men. You are weak; go into the Territory and keep white men out, and be comfortable like them. Your father wants you to go into the Indian Territory; your agent will go with you; the quicker you go the quicker you will be made comfortable.

"You made a treaty last year by which you get a great deal of money. Your country is selected and it is important that you let the Government or the Railroads that you agreed to have the land and go there. The white man is on your lands and it is not our business to drive him off. It belongs to Government and we can't do it. It is not best to be with white men. We are sorry that the white men have crowded upon your land, but we cannot help it."

THEIR OPINION OF THE TREATY WANTED.

Your father at Washington has heard that you are not satisfied with the treaty. I want to know the truth just as it is that I may inform him. Don't understand me as being either for its ratification or rejection. Do not be influenced by any one, but consult your own feelings and express your own judgment entirely. Remember that the men you made the treaty with were sent here by your father at Washington.

Watanka (Blue Snout) suggested that the Superintendent should furnish a couple of beeves before they would be in condition to consult.

Little Beaver, of the Black Dog band, advanced, shook hands and said:

SUPERINTENDENT AND AGENT:—We have heard what you said. We are people sitting here not studying for our own welfare at all. We cannot make a reply at once. We will have to go and consult, and then reply. You have given good advice; we have heard, will consult and some time to-day will give you a reply. Our minds are not together, they are scattered. We are glad to meet you. We want something to eat; we cannot study much, and be hungry.

Supt.—Keep united; if divided bad white men will get in and do you damage. Whether this treaty is carried out or not you ought to get into the Indian Territory at an early day.

The beeves were promised them, which produced many satisfactory grunts, and after firing about thirty shots into them, skinning and devouring entrails and all, they again assembled in Council Monday afternoon. The Osages, in their separate Council, had agreed upon their answer and instructed two of their counselors to deliver their reply in regard to the treaty.

Watanka said:

You have spoken to us to-day with some of the words of the Great Father. We have been aside and consulted. Something over a year ago some Commissioners came right to this place and talked to us. They told us the Great Father wished to purchase these lands. I am the man that did the talking to them, and I am the man to talk to you. Now, a Commissioner and the Superintendent of Indian Affairs came here and asked for my country. I did not refuse them. When I talked with the Commissioners we agreed to let them have land at $1 per acre. While talking in Council something very bad occurred, which spoiled all the talk of the Great Father. [Alluding to the murder of the two white men in Butler County, a runner having arrived with the news on that day.—REP.] The Commissioners, feeling that we had done something wrong, gave us a great deal of bad talk. The Commissioners and Superintendent of Indian Affairs told us that the white people of Kansas would drive us out of the country. This talk scared my chiefs into signing the treaty. After they had signed, I heard that these Commissioners were not regular Commissioners from the Government, but that it was a railroad company and not the Government that had bought our lands. As a nation we have a large scope of country, and a beautiful country. We consider we have only one President who is ruler of us all. Now if the Great Father wishes to purchase we will get together and let him know if we will sell. You also informed us that the Great Father had assigned us a country in the Indian Territory. The country assigned is too small for so large a nation as ours, and we want your opinion on it. I suppose you have brought the money to pay us for the Neosho and Labette lands, sold four or five years ago. We want to know how much it is and want you to count it for us.

Hard Rope, of Counselor Clymore's band, said: "You, Mr. Superintendent, have come to us from the Great Father. Our people understand you have come here to enquire into some things. Last spring a year ago, the Osages traded away their country, and you wish to understand about it. We come here to speak truth. The Commissioners told them the Great Father wanted them to purchase their country. His people were in trouble and bothered about it, and, while talking, they got into some difficulty. That Commission used all kinds of threats. Threatened them with white people and other treats; that white people would drive them off and get their lands for nothing; told them all back money and past dues would be paid. All depredations should be covered up and forgotten. They thought everything of their land, but they had lost all hope of saving it; and, to save their women and children, let it go. If the Great Father sent such talk they thought it awful bad talk. After making treaty, the Commissioners took away two of their young men and carried them off. After making it, I suppose they went to the Great Father and told him they had made a treaty. If they were sent here by the Great Father why has he sent a letter back to inquire into it? They answered the letter and sent it back, and he supposes that is the remonstrance you spoke of to-day. They had now found out it was the head man of the R. R. Co. that sent these men here to make a treaty. My people do not wish to sell their lands to the R. R. Co., and do not wish to take nineteen cents an acre for them. Do not think the Great Father wishes to buy our land. Two treaties have been made with men pretending to have been sent from Washington who were not sent by the Great Father at all; wants President when he wishes to treat with them to send for a delegation or send men direct, and not men from around the neighborhood. Their lands extend so far west he thinks the Government is not able to buy them. In conclusion he wished to know how large their country in the Indian Territory is.

This constituted the regular talk of the men chosen to speak for the tribe. After this, however, dozens of Indians appeared anxious to fire off a speech each on his own hook, as so many whites would do at a town meeting. It should be stated here, in order to have a proper understanding in regard to the Indians' idea in regard to the treaty that the Osages state that the Hon. Sidney Clarke told them it was the railroad commissioners and not the Government commissioners that had bought their lands and that nineteen cents an acre was not enough, that they should have one dollar per acre for their land. Hence they are loth to leave Kansas.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

Consa-kaw-ke, who wished us to put him in the paper as the man who talks louder and longer than any other Indian, said:

You have heard what these two men had to say, I will tell you what is on my mind. Ever since I was young we have talked with men from the Great Father and I have never known their talk to be carried out. I want to know if the pay is to be hard money or not? That is all I recognize. You have brought us an agent. I want him to try to get hard money to pay us. The money you have brought is like this green grass or like these chips. Even the white people don't respect it. Hereafter bring us hard money, and don't bring any other kind.

Ogeise Captain, a half-breed, said:

I was one of the interpreters. I deny the threats. I signed my name witnessing what I had done was correct. A murder occurred out here by a war party led by Hardrope himself, about the time the treaty was going on. After signing the treaty, or while being signed, the brother of the murdered man came here. I am speaking because I do not wish to be made out a liar. [Cries of "not so," and commotion.]

His remarks were interrupted by Sundown, who said:

These railroad companies have bought this man. I don't want you to listen to him. We appointed in Council our two men to speak to you, and they have told you what we wanted. I saw the chiefs drinking the whiskey, and he is the man who carried the whiskey. He is one that did not sign the treaty. The half-breeds are stingy of their lands, but they worked us out of our lands, leaving us nothing.

Ogeise Captain resumed:

The Superintendent advised them to give up the man who had done the deed, and let it rest on the mercy of the people or the State. Col. Taylor intrusted commissions, he wrote out for certain leading men and a copy of the treaty, with me. Joe, Chief of the Big Hills, sent his brother to me. Taylor gave me five blanks to fill, but I sent them to Washington and had them filled out as chiefs. It is hinted I was bribed. I was not in at the signing. The chiefs signed for themselves and willingly.

The Superintendent here informed them that the treaty was signed by N. G. Taylor, Commissioner, Thomas Murphy, Superintendent, and their agent. They were not sent by the railroad company, but by their Father the President, for that purpose. I have to send back your word. What will he say when I send back such words? Now, you charge that these men frightened, deceived and bribed you. I believe Taylor and Murphy are good, honest men. Don't understand me for or against the treaty. I am for justice, don't misrepresent. Your country in the Indian Territory is about 1,400,000 acres, not large enough to hunt buffalo, but too large for farms, as it will give you 300 acres for each man, woman and child. Your Father agreed to pay the interest at 5 per cent. on $300,000, twice a year. It will be in such money as he and I use.

Joe, or Pash-ua-Paw-ne, chief of the Big Hills, says he signed the treaty because his young men wanted him to. He wants the twenty-five head rights promised the half-breeds in the treaty of 1865. He wants the agent to reside with them, to settle their difficulties, as well as those growing out of the encroachments of the whites upon them. He charges that in the last year they have had 1,000 ponies stolen from them. Joe is educated, and writes a fair hand.

Nofe-te-Walla admits they sold the land fairly but as they did not get enough for it, wants to take it back and sell it over again at $1 per acre. Old Claymore and several others spoke to the same effect.

No Heart was anxious to leave for their new reservation at once.

Agent Wilson said:

I suppose you are going on a buffalo hunt. The Agents of the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, etc., are friends of mine and of yours. I advise you to treat them as brothers. If those Indians impose on you, I hope you will not resist it. You will offend your father at Washington if you fight and steal from one another. I want to tell your young men that I think labor is honorable. I left the plow in the field to come and labor with you. It is labor of body and mind that brings a man nearer his Maker. I want you to choose a spot among you for me to locate with my family.

The following is the number, as made out by their enrollment: Big Hill Band, 992; White Hair's band, 465; Little Beaver's, 329: Old Clymore's 336; Big Chief's, 587; Black Dog's, 492; Little Osages, 951; Half breeds, 217—Total, 4,369; which gave about $3.25 per capita. The enrollment is too large, as many of them enrolled their ponies and dogs as part of their family, in order to get more money. After getting paid they rushed to the contracter's store, and felt badly when they found they had exhausted his goods and had money left.

The Osage country is fast being "claimed" up, even to the very edge of the Indian village. They would like to leave, but would like a new deal and a little more money for their land while the settlers would like to have Congress sell them the lands and give the railroads the proceeds to build roads with.

S. F.

OMAHA AND THE INDIANS.

From the Belvidere (N. J.) Appollo.

IN a private letter from Omaha, speaking of the Indians and the Commission, whose headquarters are located in Omaha, the writer says: "Friend Janney (the Quaker Commissioner) has been out of town visiting the different Reservations lately, it will keep him occupied through this and the coming month.

The Indians are inclined to be peaceable, and turn their attention to learning to farm, and other arts of civilization. Very few are now seen in town; they used to be begging in great numbers, but since the Quaker administration, they have kept on the Reservation much better; some of them have taken quite a fancy to Friend Janney's style of dress, and desire to procure clothes like his; they call him grandfather, and seem very much attached to him, some of their ideas are very comical; many of them seem innocent and trusting; they have been shamefully deceived and imposed upon in the past.

There are now, two or three lying in the prison under the charge of murder. Friend Janney says it gives him pain to visit them, they feel the confinement so very much, it is so contrary to their habits. The chief of their tribe feels very badly about it, but I think expresses himself willing that they shall abide the execution of our laws. A few days since in a call at the Commission, I saw four chiefs sitting Turkish fashion, smoking their pipe of peace, passing it from one to the other; they were there for the purpose of soliciting some straw hats. To-day a regiment of soldiers left for the West, others will soon take their place, as it is deemed yet necessary to enforce order. We are subject to occasional violent demonstrations when a company of desperadoes come in from the plains, when rioting and excess ensues, and ending often in the death of some one.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

FROM ABBEVILLE—VIOLENCE AND MURDER—THE DUTY OF GOOD CITIZENS—THE DISCOURAGEMENTS OF REPUBLICANS—MEN DARE NOT TAKE THE PAPER OF THEIR CHOICE.

From the Beaufort (S. C.) Republican.

LOWNDESVILLE, ABBEVILLE CO., S. C., October 11th, 1869.

THE merchants and business men of this place feel much depressed in anticipation of the scarcity that will ensue in consequence of the drought which affects nearly our whole State. Some speak of seeking other avenues of business in other localities; some, again, of directing their attention to agricultural pursuits, while others promise their customers steadiness in their business and "fresh arrivals" in a short time.

Of all places in the county or State where a political, if not a moral, reformation is needed amongst the people, Lowndesville certainly is one. It has a history since the collapse of the rebellion—yes, within the past twelve months—that is not to be envied, and, to say the least, will, to a remote period, tarnish the reputation of its society, and make it a place uninviting to strangers. Crimes have

been committed and attempted here which have few parallels amongst a civilized people, and such deserve a rigid investigation. As these, or many of them, are already known to the public, it would be needless for me at this time, not being in possession of many of the particulars, to attempt bringing them in their true light before the people. Suffice for the present to say (not to mention the number of colored people who have been shot at in their cabins of nights), that it was here that Ostell and another gentleman, both from Athens, Ga., were brutally assassinated one night last fall for no other cause assigned than that they were "Radicals." Their cries and pleadings for mercy and aid were heard all over the place, but the citizens, for certain reasons, "cared for none of these things."

It was here, too, that the notorious Briscoe was hired, as it is alleged, to shoot Bingham, a Northern gentleman who had established himself in business, and who had only become offensive to some of the apish aristocrats on account of his being a Republican in principle. Now, that those "respectable men," the working members of the Democratic club, were accessory to those crimes, I do not pretend to say. The crimes were committed, and many of the circumstances connected therewith are known. I here simply inquire who amongst them, at any time, ever made or attempted to make any effort to bring these perpetrators to justice? Innocent blood was shed in their midst, even at their doors. I would here further inquire, were there not private threats made by some of those "respectable" persons for the safety of any one who would divulge anything implicating certain individuals as the perpetrators—James Brownlee who made a very sly and sudden departure from his county, for one?

All good citizens should exercise their utmost vigilance and influence to suppress crime of all kinds in their midst. Between the man who commits a murder and the one who encourages or conceals the crime, whether through respect of party or religious sect, in my opinion, there is no difference.

Republicans here have had much to discourage them every way. Awed by the threats and acts of the Democracy, many have ceased to affiliate with the party of their choice, and have been forced for personal safety, to vote with the Democrats. "Republicans are more numerous here than you might suppose," said a gentleman of some intelligence to me the other day; "but they dare not let it be known." "Some of us would like very much to take a Republican newspaper," continued he, "but there is a risk even in that." What intolerable proscription some men, possessed of more prejudice than brains, try to enforce in their communities! How unlike those cherished principles upon which the institutions of American liberty are based! * * * SEDGEWICK.

MURDERS IN UNION COUNTY, N. C.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following:

"On the 25th ultimo George W. Marsh was killed by a piece of wood in the hands of Marion Watts, a white man. There had been some difficulty between the parties about some corn which had been stolen from a neighboring plantation; and Marsh accused Watt's wife with the theft. The negro's skull was fractured. Watts immediately after the deed left the county and has not been heard from since. No attempt has been made for his capture.

"Burton Laney, constable, on the 21st ultimo proceeded to the house of a colored man named Dan Chambers, for the purpose of taking him in custody. He found him chopping in the woods, and on making his business known, Chambers resisted and threw his axe at him. The officer, however, managed to avoid the blow and fired his revolver at Chambers, who was making his escape, bringing him to the ground and mortally wounding him. Both men bear the reputation of desperate characters."—*Beaufort (S. C.) Republican.*

THE CASE OF YERGER.

Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

WASHINGTON CITY, October 25th, 1869.

I HAD intended last week to say a word with reference to the Supreme Court and the Yerger case, but coming from the Capitol, I met the mysterious rumors out of the White House that the Attorney General had acknowledged himself beaten in the presence of the Cabinet, and that this second Council of Seven had fallen, together with the first, pellmell into a seam of the Reconstruction Laws.

You have it reported boldly now that this chivalric murderer will probably be handed over to the Civil Courts, and the public mind is to be prepared by inches for what is his inevitable acquittal. If, three months ago, when a brave soldier was stricken down at his post in the performance of his duty, by a ruffian, there was cause of righteous public indignation and a demand of speedy justice and the murderer's blood, that cause remains, and time will not qualify it.

Nobody doubts the intention of the Reconstruction Laws to try and punish criminals by the Military tribunals. In fact, for two years and more it has constantly been done. Our soldiers are in Mississippi to enforce these laws and to keep order, simply because that perverse State has not preferred to accept the terms of the Government and come within civil keeping.

Officers and soldiers are murdered in the execution of duty assigned to them by these laws. Public sentiment controlling the local civil courts would not only refuse to convict the assassin of a Federal soldier, but has been engaged ever since this particular assassination in the endeavor to excuse the crime.

The Goverment falls back and leaves its defenders in the hands of murderers, helpless. One of the bravest and truest citizens of Ohio falls dead under a bowie knife, from butchery that would be shocking in the case of a beast. The man-butcher, after justice delayed, is handed over to a jury of his friends, and acquitted. This was not the intention of things, and the people of this country will submit to nothing of the sort. We have enough laid up against that antique organization called the Supreme Court, already, to damn it, as at present constructed. But whether any such letting go of murderers come from this body, the Cabinet, or Congress, there will be heavy responsibility somewhere, that the public eye will follow through legal mazes and Cabinet councils, and keep in sight.

It is rather late to be cutting things so fine. If an antediluvian should discover for us to-morrow this reconstruction business all wrong, what then? Revolutions that put stabs under the bayonet have not much to do with Supreme Courts. They themselves are supreme. A decision now against the Recoustruction acts would be as infamous as Taney's notorious *dictum*, if it were not a hundred times more stupid.

THE RIGHT OF VOTING TO BE TAKEN FROM THE COLORED MEN OF TENNESSEE.

From the Mississippi Pilot.

THE *Memphis Sun*, a leading Democratic paper, takes strong grounds against negro suffrage, and in this but reflects the views of nine-tenths of the new Democratic Legislature. In its editorial review of Governor Senter's message it says:

"The Governor is equally unfortunate in his recommendation of the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment. That would be an act of atrocious folly for which the Legislature could offer no palliation or excuse to the lovers of republican government. * The Governor regards the enfranchisement of the colored people of the State as a fixed fact. In this we think he is mistaken. If the Supreme Court at its present session, shall declare the present franchise act unconstitutional—as they will do if they shall ever reach the pending case—*it will wipe away colored enfranchisement.*

"If the National Republican Democratic party carries this State on the 30th of November next, they will do just what that party is doing in Tennessee—take from the colored man his dearest and most sacred rights. Let the colored people shun these Democratic wolves in sheep's clothing as they would pestilence."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the 17th of November.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, AARON M. POWELL, LUCRETIA MOTT and other well-known laborers in the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery field, will be among the speakers, and we hope for the presence and aid of Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT.

The Executive Committee, joyful in the hope that this may be the last Anniversary Meeting of this organization, and that a few more months will consummate its work and usher in the grand jubilee of American freedom, earnestly call upon all their constituents, and their fellow-laborers of thirty-three years in the grand struggle for the rights of the colored race, to gather once again for mutual counsel concerning the duties of the hour. The success which has crowned the labors of the American abolitionists fills all our hearts with unutterable thankfulness, and binds us to unwearied allegiance to our standard, until the final victory shall be ours. The ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment; the full legal and political enfranchisement of the colored man, seems to be at hand. Until it is accomplished our organization must exist, to watch and guard with vigilance his cause, the cause to which our earliest anti-slavery vows were given.

Let Chester, Bucks, Lancaster and Montgomery Counties send to our gathering large delegations of their true men and women who bore the heat and burden of our earliest day of conflict, and gloried in the name of Abolitionist when that name was hated or despised. And let the young men and women whose childhood and youth have been reared within the influences of this moral revolution, come and put their eager, strong hands to its latest task, and share in the joy of its latest victory.

The Committee urge upon all their fellow-laborers the importance of contributing generously to the support of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, which is doing most effective service in behalf of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. This journal is our chief instrumentality, and must be sustained until this work is accomplished.

Subsequent to the Anniversary Meeting in Philadelphia, the Committee purpose to hold a few other Meetings in the adjacent country, which will be duly announced. One of these will be held at Kennett Square, on the 15th of December, at which WENDELL PHILLIPS will be among the speakers.

ROBERT PURVIS, President.

MARY GREW, Secretary.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

WE have heard it intimated that on the reassembling of Congress strenuous efforts will be made to cripple and embarrass the humane experiment now in progress among the Indians. This purpose on the part of baffled speculators, disappointed politicians and military adventurers, has found expression in the columns of the *New York Herald*. That journal long since earned the title of "Satanic" and is still sufficiently unscrupulous to be worthy of its old-time distinction. The Indians have so long been a source of profit to a large army of greedy and reckless plunderers, their lands are so much of a temptation to the grasping land monopolists in and out of Congress, that dissatisfaction with, and organized opposition to, the Quaker policy adopted by the President is not surprising. We have had no doubt from the beginning of the success of Friends in getting along peaceably with the Indians, and with a fair opportunity, of their being able to greatly ameliorate and improve the condition of the decimated and demoralized tribes. It is still too soon to expect much in the way of work accomplished. We are well-assured, however, that an excellent beginning has been made, and that the experiment has already gone far enough to justify the President in making it. It has at least served to bring out still more clearly to the public view the fact that the Indians have for a long time been systematically victimized and plundered, both as to the money and supplies due them, and the possession of the lands which are rightfully theirs. It has also been shown that the whites are responsible for introducing among them and propagating vices which threaten well-nigh their destruction. More hopeless in their condition, and less accessible than the freed-people of the South, they are nevertheless able to discern in the disciples of William Penn their true friends, and to give them characteristic and cordial welcomes. In every instance the reports which have come under our observation agree in representing the Indians as now disposed to accept the counsel of their friendly advisers, and to settle down to and learn the ways of agricultural life,—provided they can have assurance that they will not presently be driven again from their lands. They have been so many times betrayed that they have good grounds for distrust of the whites.

The policy now being pursued to get the Indians to settle upon and cultivate small farms, and to abandon hunting and the wandering tribe life, is unquestionably the true one. There seems, too, reasonable encouragement to believe that the time has arrived when they can be induced to accept it. The entire Indian population is not a large one, compared with the immense number of acres yet unappropriated, and unimproved. Each Indian could have a farm large enough for the maintainance of a family, and there would still be ample territory left for all other settlers and emigrants. But a necessary pre-requisite for the success of agricultural pursuits for the Indians is ample assurance that henceforth their right of property in their farms shall be recognized and protected. The Friends, as pioneers again among them, and as a nucleus for reclaiming the confidence of the Indians in the integrity and good intentions of the whites, can do much. The Friends are however numerically but a handful, and they cannot be more than the nucleus. Others must come forward and show by their conduct that they too can be trusted by the much abused red men. Accepting the hint which Canada offers, the policy of surrounding the Indians with friendly, civilizing influences must be substituted for the brutal and bloody one of extermination which such journals as *The Herald*, and those for whom it speaks, would have perpetuated. If the nation is burdened and dishonored by other Indian wars it will be because of the rapacity, the selfishness, and greed of gain among the whites, and not from any inherent incapacity of the Indians to live amicably among themselves and at peace with their white neighbors. We rejoiced in President Grant's declaration of the right of the Indians to citizenship, made in his Inaugural address, and have been gratified that he has lent his encouragement to the humane experiment. We trust no untoward influences on the part of the baffled "Indian ring" will be permitted to interfere with, embarrass and jeopardise the success of the experiment. Farms, education and citizenship—these are due to the Indians, to these they must be helped.

ORGANIZATION AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE.

WE referred last week to the need of organization and coöperation among the colored people. Politically, where they are allowed to vote, they find their places, for the most part, with one of the two general, established party divisions—the Republican. The national guarantee of their right to vote in any or all of the States and Territories of the Union, we trust, will soon be an accomplished fact by the completion of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. Then organizations, especially for the promotion of their industrial and educational interests, will be particularly serviceable. This need is already anticipated, and especially in Georgia, the action taken in view of the forthcoming National Convention to be held next month in Washington is timely and important. It is, we infer, the beginning in earnest of a new industrial era at the South, with the healthful free labor stimulus for the basis. The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*, of November 2d, gives the following synopsis of the proceedings of the recent State Convention held in Georgia, which indicates the present importance, and foreshadows the future good results of the movement:

"The Georgia State Colored Convention, which met at Macon last week, adjourned on Saturday. It numbered 236 delegates, representing 56 counties, resulted in the formation of an organization to be called the 'State Mechanics' and Laborers' Association,' and provided for local workingmen's Unions. They also recommended the formation of auxiliary Workingwomen's Associations. In the resolutions adopted they declared that capital could only be safe when the laborer is protected, and labor is paid its just reward; they also declared that capital could have no advantage over united labor, and that there was no antagonism between the two when justice was done; they recommended the organization of Coöperative Supply Clubs and associations for the purchase of lands, urged the withdrawal of women from field labor whenever possible, and recommended the formation of clubs among those employed on plantations for material defense. An excellent report on education was presented, and the establishment of a paper to support the movement was determined upon, of which the Hon. H. M. Turner is to be editor. A series of strong resolutions favoring emigration, declaring that there is no antagonism between them and any foreign labor, and offering a welcome to the Chinese here, passed unanimously. *Reports were made from the several counties represented, showing that in four-fifths of them a frightful state of disorder prevails. Thirty murders, five of them women, were reported as having occurred during the last six months. Most of the assassins were known, and are yet at large. In only two instances have arrests been made. Only one man has been convicted, and he was only sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.* In thirty-six counties schools were reported, the highest number in any one being eleven, with 1,500 scholars. In thirteen counties there were but two schools, and in ten others but one each. The day wages reported ranged from twenty-five to seventy-five cents, and monthly wages from $5 to $10. Yearly wages averaged $50. In nearly every county great complaint is made of employers failing to fulfill their contracts, and that the laborers have been cheated out of their share of the crops. Only five counties were reported wherein the blacks obtain justice from the civil courts. As this is the first Convention of the kind which has been held in the South, its proceedings are of more than ordinary interest. Before the adjournment, delegates were appointed to the National Convention to be held here in December. Similar conventions will soon be held in nearly all the Southern States."

In this city the colored working people are also awakening. They have already held several meetings which have resulted in bringing together representatives of the different trades and branches of business, with a view of more thorough organization and general coöperation. A very large and enthusiastic meeting was held in Zion's Church (Rev. Mr. Butler's) a few evenings since. It was of a representative character and included clergymen, physicians, bricklayers, engineers, coachmen, carpenters, longshoremen, printers, calciminers, painters, laundresses, dress-makers, moulders, (tobacco) twisters, refiners, etc., etc. It is proposed to have each branch of business represented in the National Convention. Women are eligible as delegates as well as men. Other meetings are to be held for the selection of delegates, and to complete local organizations. The following were among the resolutions adopted:

Resolved, That this organization be called the New York City Labor Council. That it shall be the duty of each member of it to exercise vigilance and perseverance in securing employment and business to each member, in whatever department of labor he or she may be engaged, and to advocate the cause of the equal right to labor with all other classes of our fellow-citizens.

Resolved, That delegates be appointed to represent the views of the colored citizens of New York at the National Labor Convention to be held in the City of Washington in the month of December next.

Resolved, That such delegates be and are hereby requested to urge upon that convention the necessity of recommending to the colored men and women of this country the vast importance of immediately acquiring the possession of lands and homesteads of their own, and for accomplishing that end to make every necessary personal sacrifice, to exercise the greatest diligence in business, and practice rigid economy in their social and domestic arrangements.

Resolved, That our delegates be further requested to ask the convention to recommend the encouragement of mechanical branches amongst the people—first, by the establishment of workshops by those who have trades, and the thorough instruction of apprentices in every department of skilled labor now known amongst us; second, by the employment of colored artizans; and third, by a more general patronage of colored mechanics and workshops than has hitherto prevailed.

Resolved, That the exclusion of colored persons in this city from the right to labor in almost every department of industry is a strong evidence of the power which the spirit of slavery and caste still holds over the minds of our white fellow citizens, and is alike disgraceful to them as American citizens and deeply injurious to us, who have fought during the several wars for the independence or the dignity of the country, and have sacrificed or perilled our lives with them the maintenance of the government and the unity of the States.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting are due and are hereby tendered to Lewis H. Douglass, Esq., for the manly position which he occupies in defence of the right to work at the trade taught him in his father's office, by maintaining his place at the government printing bureau, showing that he is a well cut type of a standard font.

Resolved, That we regard the labor of the country as the common property of the people; that no portion of the people should be excluded therefrom by the mere accident of the division of the globe in which they or their forefathers were born, or stature or color; that every man or woman should receive employment according to the ability each may possess to perform the labor required, without any other test.

THE New Orleans *Standard* (edited by J. Willis Menard, Esq.) in an article reviewing the condition and tendency of affairs at the South, says:

"In Mississippi the ex-rebels have put on a false guise, and are trying to move heaven and earth to regain their lost power through a corrupt brother-in-law of the President. They have formed a new Republican party, but there is not a Republican in it. In Texas, the prospects are as gloomy as ever. Renegade Hamilton has inspired a new spirit of chivalry in the enemies of the Government, and we may expect bloody work there when the election comes off. The motto of these men is 'rule or ruin,' under Democratic colors if possible, or under Republican disguise if necessary. It don't make much differnce about the name; all they want is power to rule things and the colored people as of old. No, sirs; the end of toryism and persecution is not yet. As long as such men as Andrew Johnson have chances for the Senate, there are sources of danger to the Republic. So long as loyalty is hunted and outraged in the South, so long will the Government have failed to do its duty. The conflict is not yet over. If the premium on gold is at a war standard to-day, we must attribute the cause to the vitality of the repudiating Democracy of the country. Wall street has as much power in this country as Napoleon has in France. And this will continue to be the case as long as our Republican Government shows compromising proclivities towards its enemies. The only way to bring greenbacks at a par value is for Gen. Grant to make 'treason odious' in every State of this Union."

THE reports to-day (Wednesday) as we write indicate that the Republicans will have a working majority in both branches of the Legislature of this State, and that the Sham-Democracy have elected their candidates for the State offices. Nothing definite is yet known, but it is quite probable that the proposition to abolish the "property qualification" for colored voters is voted down by a heavy majority. The elections elsewhere, like those of October, show no material change in the relation of the two parties.

AN attempt in the Tennessee Legislature to declare Cooper's election to the United States Senate illegal on account of ineligibility under the State Constitution, and so to give Andrew Johnson another chance, has failed.

LETTER FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, 26, 10 mo., 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR FRIEND:—There is a story told of a worthy deacon, who, when remonstrated with for sleeping when his favorite minister preached and keeping wide awake when others supplied the pulpit, excused himself by saying that when his own minister was present he had such perfect confidence that all would be right that he could go to sleep with a clear conscience, but when he saw a stranger in the pulpit he felt in duty bound to keep awake and see that there was no heresy in his discourse.

In regard to my dear friend, Maria Child, I have the same confidence that the deacon had in his minister, but there is this difference in the case, I have never been able to sleep over *her* discourses. I know of no one with whom I more uniformly agree; and, as I am always attracted to her signature, I read with hearty approval her comments in the last ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD upon what she supposes was a letter of mine to the Newport Convention, but which was only a very poor photograph of the same done by the electric telegraph. By referring to the letter, correctly printed, it will be seen that I made no allusion whatever to "minors." The sentence under comment reads thus: "But unsupported by a more practical education, higher aims and a deeper sense of the responsibilities of life and duty, it is not likely to prove a blessing in her hands any more than in man's."

As the telegraph version of my letter was published in THE STANDARD will it be too much to ask that the true copy may have a place in thy columns?

Very truly, thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

LETTER FROM J. G. WHITTIER TO THE NEWPORT R. I., WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

AMESBURY, Mass., 12th, 8th Month, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have received thy letter inviting me to attend the Convention in behalf of Woman's Suffrage, at Newport R. I., on the 25th inst. I do not see how it is possible for me to accept the invitation; and were I to do so, the state of my health would prevent me from taking such a part in the meeting as would relieve me from the responsibility of seeming to sanction anything in its action which might conflict with my own views of duty or policy. Yet I should do myself great injustice if I did not embrace this occasion to express my general sympathy with the movement.

I have seen no good reason why mothers, wives and daughters should not have the same right of person, property and citizenship which fathers, husbands and brothers have.

The sacred memory of mother and sister,—the wisdom and dignity of women of my own religious communion, who have been accustomed to something like equality in rights, as well as duties,—my experience as a co-worker with noble and self-sacrificing women, as graceful and helpful in their household duties as they are firm and courageous in their public advocacy of unpopular truth,—the steady friendships which have inspired and strengthened me,—and the reverence and respect which I feel for human nature, irrespective of sex,—compel me to look with something more than acquiescence upon the efforts you are making. I frankly confess that I am not able to forsee all the consequences of the great social and political change proposed, but of this I am at least sure, it is always safe to do right, and the truest expediency is simple justice. I can understand without sharing the misgivings of those who fear that when the vote drops from woman's hand into the ballot-box, the beauty and sentiment, the bloom and sweetness of womanhood, will go with it. But in this matter it seems to me we can trust nature. Stronger than statutes or conventions, she will be conservative of all that the true man loves and honors in woman. Here and there may be found an equivocal, unsexed Chevalier D'Eon, but the eternal order and fitness of things will remain. I have no fear that man will be less manly or woman less womanly when they meet on terms of equality before the law.

On the other hand, I do not see that the exercise of the ballot by woman will prove a remedy for all the evils of which she justly complains. It is her right, as truly as mine, and when she asks for it it is something less than manhood to withhold it. But unsupported by a more practical education, higher aims, and a deeper sense of the responsibilities of life and duty, it is not likely to prove a blessing in her hands any more than in man's.

With great respect and hearty sympathy, I am, very truly thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Stowe requests the public to suspend their judgment on the letters of Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh, lately published in the London *Quarterly*, until they meet them in their proper historical connection in her (Mrs. Stowe's) forthcoming volume.

D. Stellifer Moulton, of the New York Bar, but more specially of Israelite political affairs, and lately New York correspondent of the *Boston Traveller*, was married Saturday, the 30th of last October, to Amelia Augusta, daughter of James G. Jacobus, of the Knickerbockers. The marriage was solemnized by the Rev. John E. Cookman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Kate Fields' new lecture on "The Adirondacks" tells the story of her ascent of Blue Mountain and her success in deer shooting. The peroration describes the John Brown farm and the last resting place of the old hero. She suggests that the farm should be reclaimed by Massachusetts subscriptions for the use of the impoverished family, from whose hands it has passed, and then to be held in *memoriam*.

Mrs. Ottendorfer is the sole proprietor of the largest German daily newspaper in the city of New York. Many years ago her husband died, leaving her a large family of children and a small paper. She went earnestly to work at once, attending herself to all the details of the office, and she now controls a very rich and powerful journal. She drives to her office in the morning, looks after its multitudinous affairs, and returns to her home at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

W. J. Hennessy, a New York artist of distinction, is now hard at work on a picture to be entitled "The Poet of Our Woods." It will prove to be one of this artist's most important and interesting works. In it the poet Bryant is represented in a characteristic attitude, contemplating the glory of our autumn woods. The hour is sunset, and the last ray of golden light rests like a crown on the poet's head. Mr. Bryant has given the artist several sittings for the picture.

A Boston telegram of November 1st, to the *Tribune*, says: "In the Music Hall, Wendell Phillips addressed a crowded audience on the 'Questions of To-morrow.' 'The questions,' he said, 'were Prohibition, Labor and Women.' He claimed that the only impediment to the success of republican government in cities was the grog shops, and the only way to close the grog shops was by the enforcement of the Prohibitory law. He advocated the principles of labor reform, and woman suffrage, and said they were the great questions to be solved in coming times."

John B. Gough will deliver a lecture on Temperance, at Cooper Institute, on Tuesday evening, November 9th, 1869, under the auspices of the National Temperance Society. Admission 50 cents. Reserved seats, $1. Doors open at 7 1-2 o'clock. Lecture commences at 8 o'clock. Tickets can be obtained at the rooms of the Society, 172 William street; Robert Carter & Bros., 530 Broadway; Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway; A. D. F. Randolph & Co., 770 Broadway; American S. S. Union, 7 Bible House; and at the door on the evening of the Lecture.

The *N. Y. Times* says:

"The stoning of two colored clergymen—Revs. W. H. Butler and Jacob Thompson—by laborers in the employ of the Hudson River Railroad Company, at the freight depot in Hudson street, on Friday last, was promptly investigated by Superintendent A. F. Decker, who informs us that one of the guilty parties was discovered by him and instantly dismissed from service. Mr. Decker assures us that 'any similar case will meet with the same swift and sure punishment.' The clergymen had a narrow escape from being killed, as several stones struck their persons in close proximity to vital parts."

The Boston *Daily Times*, in a notice of the recent meeting of the Radical Club, says: "The Radical Club held its first meeting for the fall and winter season at the house of Rev. J. T. Sargent, Chestnut street, on Monday forenoon last. Rev. John Weiss read a striking and instructive essay upon music, which called out a discussion in which Rev. Mr. Bartol, Mrs. Howe, and T. W. Higginson, with others, joined. The Club finds Mrs. Sar-Sargent's hospitable parlors almost too small for the company of young and enthusiastic thinkers who desire to hear the essays and debates; but they are apparently always welcome, and the stimulus here given to free thought and action is felt throughout the season, and not only in Boston but a good way beyond."

A Rochdale correspondent sends the following to the *Leeds Mercury*:

"A short time ago at a meeting held in Elliott street school-room, Rochdale, the Rev. Mr. Lewis in the course of his remarks, said that a circumstance that had come under his observation recently had afforded him much pleasure and encouragement in his work. In the course of his visiting the sick, he had had a conversation with an invalid girl, who informed him that Mr. Bright, when at his Rochdale home, often came to read to her from the Bible, and show her what the Saviour so beautifully terms 'the way of life;' 'and,' added the woman, 'he does it as well as a minister.' 'Why,' retorted the reverend gentleman, 'isn't he a minister—the greatest minister in England."

The Washington *Chronicle* of Saturday prints an account of a fashionable colored wedding, one of the first in that city, where invitations to the reception were issued extensively to white people. The bridegroom was Professor Boston, a musician who furnishes music for dancing parties. The bride was richly attired in white satin, and the bridemaids were also dressed in white. The reception took place at the residence of the bride's father, which was filled with a gay throng of invited guests. Among the well-known citizens present were Gen. Howard, ex-President Roberts of Liberia and wife, John M Langston, Pro. Bascom and wife, Prof. Barber and wife, Col. D. L. Eaton, Mr. Devereux, Mr. Finney and Dr. Augusta, all of whom were white but the last-named.

The Professor Boston above mentioned, was Thomas Boston, youngest son of the late Capt. Absalom F. Boston, of this town, and now Asistant Cashier of the Freedmen's Savings Institution at Washington. Prof. Boston was educated in our public schools, and his success in life has been owing to the liberal system of education here, which gave all alike, black or white, an opportunity to profit by it if so disposed.

While on this subject we may as well mention that —— Cole, son of the late Joseph Cole, of this town, also a colored man, and a seaman, states that he has found the knowledge gained in our public schools of much benefit to him, as during his last voyage it fell to his lot to navigate the vessel home, which he successfully accomplished. These are facts which we are glad to chronicle.

The above is taken from the *Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror*, and Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford writes in regard to it, as follows: "I was much pleased with this notice of Prof. Boston, whom I remember well as a neat-looking, well-dressed, remarkably polite lad, and in whose progress as a student, in Nantucket, my native place as well as his, I was much interested. His father sailed for many years with my maternal grandfather who was a sea captain, and he was always highly respected in our family. His silvery hair and cheerful face are well remembered, though I was but a mere child when I saw him most. My grandmother, serene and dignified in her Quaker garb, "Love" by name, and lovely by nature, was always greeted by him, in the neigborhood greeting of "*Aunt* Love," and she never dreamed of chiding him, or of showing, by word or manner, that his color forbade his claim to her respectful regard. I do not think colorphobia existed to such an extent in Nantucket, as in some communities, where there was not such a Quaker influence, though I well remember that I was the laughing stock of a few persons, for some little time, when I was a tiny child, because, as they said, I had "kissed a nigger," referring to the fact that the colored cook on board my father's vessel, had kindly carried the weary little girl, who scarcely numbered half-a-dozen years, from the wharf to her home, when, after a joyful afternoon with companions, playing on board the vessel and regaled with watermelons from the South, the little limbs objected to walking homeward, and she thus manifested her gratitude to "David,"—the rest of whose name she had never known. I cannot say that I have ever suffered from that ungodly disease of colorphobia myself. I have had colored girls in my Sabbath school classes, and colored boys in my day school, and never found them less agreeable or acceptable pupils on that account. I have heard that Prof. Boston, because he felt the prejudice against color so deeply, used to say, that if by being skinned he could become a white man, he would willingly suffer the operation, but I think, as the years rolled on, he has found that character and not color is the criterion by which those judge whose opinion he would value. My heart thanks God for the Emancipation Proclamation, and I pray for the success of the Fifteenth Amendment, only desiring to "amend the Amendment," by adding a clause giving the vote to colored women as well as to colored men. Yours truly, P. A. H.

The Delaware *Tribune* of October 21st gives the following account of a recent visit of Lucretia Mott to Wilmington, and of two discourses preached by her in the Friends' Meeting House and in the Unitarian Church:

LUCRETIA MOTT.

This venerable and venerated Friend preached twice in our city yesterday, in the morning at the Friends' Meeting House, on West street, and in the afternoon at the Unitarian Church on West street, on both occasions to large congregations. The Unitarian Church was densely crowded, chairs and benches having been carried in, and even every inch of standing room being occupied. The services were opened with a very brief, but impressive, prayer by the pastor, Rev. Fielder Israel, immediately after which Mrs. Mott commenced her discourse. She took as her text, "Do ye look on things after their outward appearance? If any man trust to himself that he is Christ's, let him of himself think this again, that as he is Christ's, even so are we Christ's." 2d Corinthians, x, 7.

She alluded to the fact that many of those present were not accustomed to worshiping with those usually meeting in that house, and that many probably denied to them the Christian name; she called their attention to the fact that the test Jesus himself set up was, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and said that if they found that the daily life and character of Unitarians was such as should result from the teachings of Jesus, that they should not withhold from them recognition and sympathy as Christians. She urged on all the exercise of charity in judging those differing from them, and thought the differences in the Christian world were really less than they seemed. That though the creeds, the articles and the confessions remained, that the philosophy of the creeds had been changed, and that those called Orthodox denied that they believed all their creeds set forth. She deprecated the importance attached to mere opinions, and said the daily life and character of professors was of much greater importance. She considered it prejudicial to the cause of Christianity to make anything else of greater importance than character and conduct. She thought the lack of faith that was to be feared was the lack of faith of Christians themselves in the potential character of moral principles, faith in the possibility of achieving by Christ's methods and principles the "peace on earth and good will towards men," He preached. She was glad to see that men were thinking, studying and debating these great questions, she was glad to see the divine faculty of reason being cultivated and exercised, and hailed with pleasure the agitation now going on amongst Liberal Christians as to the authority of the Bible. She hoped the day was coming when truth should be taken as authority instead of authority as truth. She claimed for those called infidels and heretics who obeyed the monitions of their own consciences and felt within themselves approval for right action and the rebuke for wrong, a large share of Christian character, and said she was herself a worshiper after the manner called heresy.

She quoted Dr. Channing's prophetic language as to an era about to dawn in which greater love for God and truer fellowship for man should be manifested, and suggested that there was more of profit in the study of such divinely inspired prophecies as this in relation to our own time, than in those of the men who wrote in the olden time what was doubtless equally adapted to the men of their day. She recognized the inspired truth of the Bible, but did not accept it as a volume of plenary inspiration, and the inspiration then given was still imparted. She had been educated to look upon its defects and errors as well as its truths, and to recognize the inconsistency between the conduct of the kings as recorded in the Old Testament, and the beautiful and holy lives of the prophets. Her discourse lasted for nearly one hour, and was an eloquent presentation of the most advanced and radical views of the Society of which she is a member, and which they hold in common with the great majority of those professing Unitarian faith. Though her head is silvered with the snows of seventy-seven winters, and she has been for forty years an active minister of the Society of Friends, and an active laborer in behalf of Abolition, Temperance and other great moral reforms, and three generations of children call her mother, yet her voice is almost as firm as ever, her mind as active, and her logic as keen.

The service closed by the choir and congregation singing "Nearer my God to Thee."

Our Boston Correspondence.

NO. CCXLIX.

BOSTON, October 31st, 1869.

THE second of the lecture-debates given to aid the North-end Mission took place last week, and consisted of addresses by Rev. Gilbert Haven (Methodist) for, and by Rev. Justin Fulton (Baptist) against, woman's right of suffrage. Mr. Haven made an able and just presentation of his case, and Mr. Fulton advocated the opposite in his usual noisy, ranting style, and with his usual substitution of assumption for argument.

The *Traveller* reports that after the close of the debate, some sharp words passed between Mrs. Howe, who was on the platform, and Mr. Fulton. According to this report, she said to him—"You profess to be a Christian minister, sir, and you have reviled woman." "Better do that, Madam," replied he, "than to revile Jesus Christ." "I never reviled Jesus Christ," she said. "You have done your best to do it," said he.

In a verbal contest with a scavenger a lady must always be at disadvantage. As to the particular scavenger here in question, though Mr. Fulton utters untruths innumerable, and sticks to them, and is always ready to back them with more, I really do not think he means to lie. His narrowness is so extreme, and his bigotry so enormous, and the presumption that attends his ignorance is so excessive, that he probably is unable to conceive the possibility that a person may be right while differing with him in theological opinion. The state of mental obfuscation produced by these causes really affects his understanding of the most common words in the English language, so that he would honestly think John the Baptist *reviled* by the expression of a doubt whether the entire submersion of his converts in the Jordan was a fact of history.

Take another illustration. Mr. Fulton, I believe, favors Senator Henry Wilson personally and politically; yet, if any one should ask him to advocate the reelection of our Lord and Saviour Henry Wilson, he would undoubtedly refuse and make protest. If, thereupon, the defeated applicant should spread a report that Mr. Fulton had *reviled* Senator Wilson, he would violate truth and justice not a particle more than Mr. Fulton habitually does when speaking of people who, though highly venerating Jesus of Nazareth, called Christ, consider the epithets "Lord and Saviour" not properly applicable to him. Yet, in this customary utterance and reiteration of untruths, Mr. Fulton probably does not mean to lie. He probably knows no better. As the proverb says—"You can have no more of a cat but her skin."

On the afternoon of October 26th on the invitation of Governor Claflin, William I. Bowditch and other eminent citizens of Boston, a number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the house of Rev. John T. Sargent to confer in regard to a projected "Southern Industrial School and Labor Enterprise." Its purpose is to organize and encourage labor at the South, and to afford elementary instruction in the arts of labor, as well as in the rudiments of school learning. Among the company were Edward S. Tobey, William B. Spooner, Rev. John Parkman, William Craft, Wendell Phillips, William S. Robinson, Rev. James Vila Blake, Rev. J. M. Manning, Edwin Morton, Mrs. Deacon Safford, Miss Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Bickerdyke, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Severance.

Mr. Tobey having been chosen temporary Chairman, and Mr. Morton temporary Secretary, the latter made a very interesting statement of the purpose of the meeting, and then read a paper prepared by Mrs. Bickerdyke, who is to go to the South as a member of the projected colony, setting forth her idea of its objects.

These objects were, to establish industrial schools at the South, where the men are to be taught to cultivate the land, and learn various mechanical trades, while the women and children should be taught to cultivate gardens, to cut and mend their own clothing, to do all kinds of woman's work efficiently, and at the same time to be instructed in habits of personal cleanliness. It was also intended to blend manual labor with intellectual culture, and thus raise up a class of reliable and self-respecting landowners and citizens who would be a blessing to the world. In the particular estate in view, the land was naturally fertile and needed only proper culture to produce largely. The school proposed to devote two or three hours a day to study, and the remainder to manual labor. The object was to make the people self-supporting, and then induce them to aid in educating others in new fields.

In Mr. Morton's judgment, the plan here briefly sketched was the best method of elevating the freedmen and others to the condition of intelligent landowners, farmers, mechanics, etc., and thus at once of promoting their welfare and that of the community. The place chosen for these schools was on a navigable river, about ten miles from one of the Southern cities. The manager and directress was to be Mrs., or as she is familiarly known, Mother Bickerdyke, whose energy, practical good sense, and warm-heartedness, no less than the large

experience she had had in similar enterprises, qualified her in every way for the arduous task, and ensured success. Mr. Morton narrated several instances of Mrs. Bickerdyke's talent for organization, and the power she possessed of conciliating all classes, and of infusing into others her own energetic and self-helping will. Mrs. Bickerdyke went with no hope of reward, and expected no pay. She meant to devote the rest of her life to the work, in which she would be cheered and aided by her son. It was proposed to do everything to enable the people to help themselves. The Freedmen's Bureau, though doing a service immensely important, had yet had a tendency to pauperise the people, since it had given them money without encouraging them to work, or inspiring them to habits of work or self-reliance.

On the supposition that some of the persons present might not be acquainted with the history and character of Mrs. Bickerdyke, Mr. Morton read a letter from Mrs. Livermore of Chicago concerning her, from which I quote the following:—

"Mother Bickerdyke is admirably fitted by nature and experience for leadership in such a movement. She knows how to work, and how to teach others to work; and she has an enthusiasm for labor which she knew how to infuse into others during her wonderful army life. Quick to see what is to be done, with almost limitless capacity for labor, and with marvellous fertility of resource and invention, she exercises a personal magnetism over the uncultivated and rude working classes that I have never seen surpassed. I had ample opportunities to observe this during the war, when we were co-workers in the field of operations marked out by the Sanitary Commission—and since then in our Chicago "Home of the Friendless," (of which I was one of the Board of Managers and she the housekeeper), in a nondescript family of one hundred women and children, changing one-half every month.

"She is in her way a rare woman, and in connection with an enterprise such as is contemplated, she will be invaluable. . . . . With her indomitable energy, her great heart, which opens warm and tender to every one who is oppressed, or depressed, with her rare executive talent, her love and appreciation of work, and her enthusiasm, which carries her triumphantly over all discouragements, she can work wonders. She is a member of Dr. Edward Beecher's church; and we think out West that her Christianity, like that of the Beechers, is very expansive."

Mrs. Bickerdyke accompanied Gen. Sherman's great march from Atlanta to the sea, and was well known to and highly honored by that officer, the following evidence of which was related by Mr. Morton.

Perceiving that a certain army surgeon was intemperate and negligent of duty, Mrs. Bickerdyke entered a complaint which caused him to be removed. He went to head-quarters to try to get a reversal of the sentence, and Gen. Sherman asked him, "Who removed you?" He answered, "Mother Bickerdyke." "Then," said the General, "I can't do anything for you, for she outranks me."

Since that time, inquiry has been made of Gen. Sherman whether he really said that Mrs. Bickerdyke outranked him; he replied that he did say so; and added by way of explanation—"I always thought that her commission was from above."

In reply to inquiries respecting the work now in prospect, Mrs. Bickerdyke expressed entire confidence in its success. The idleness and shiftlessness of which the negroes are accused proceeded from obstructions thrown in their way by the very class of Southern white people who make the accusation. There was every reason to expect the good working of an industrial school properly established in Georgia, and this would serve as a model for imitation in other Southern States.

At the request of Mrs. Bickerdyke, Wendell Phillips gave his view of the proposed enterprise. The allowance now given to the freedmen of their right of suffrage, he thought, was merely a homœopathic measure of what was due them from the nation. They were now passing through a critical transition state, surrounded by people eager to restrict their newly gained liberty, and to keep the black race, as far as may be, subordinate to the white. Under these circumstances, they were entitled to the most efficient help, and the best means of development which we could afford them. The ballot would do little for the Southern negro without the ownership of land. Unless he can own the soil he lives on, or be interested as a partner in some substantial business, he must remain dependent on the landowner and capitalist, who can say to him, Vote as I direct you or starve. Mr. Phillips proceeded to suggest a method of obtaining land for the freedmen at moderate cost, and gave his hearty approval to the plan now proposed, believing also in the eminent fitness of Mrs. Bickerdyke to superintend it.

It was then proposed to proceed to form a permanent organization, and Mr. Phillips, Rev. J. M. Manning and Mr. Sargent were made a Committee to prepare a list of officers.

While the Committee were in consultation, Mr. Craft, by request, stated his favorable idea of the plan in prospect, and spoke also of a cooperative enterprise in which he intended to engage in another part of Georgia.

The Committee then reported a list of officers, including a President, Secretaries, Treasurer and Trustees, and asked to be allowed to add, at a future meeting, the names of an Executive Committee, to have direct oversight of the practical working of the Company. Mr. E. S. Tobey was named as President.

Before putting the question on the acceptance of the report, Mr. Tobey said that the extent and multiplicity of his other business would prevent him from acting as President, but if the Committee would substitute for his name that of Gov. Claflin, who, though prevented from attendance at that time, was known to be highly favorable to the enterprise, he would proceed to take the vote. This substitution being made, the officers named were chosen, and the Committee were instructed to report an Executive Committee at a future meeting. After expressions of high appreciation of the movement by Mrs. Howe, Mr. Tobey and Mr. Spooner, the meeting adjourned.

Last week's lecture in the Parker Fraternity course was an admirable one on "Woman and the Bible," by Lucy Stone. She held the great audience in fixed attention for nearly an hour and a half, bringing out with great distinctness two facts in regard to the Bible; first, that the few passages of it which opposers of women's rights usually quote as a full expression of its voice on that subject owe their force either to mistranslation or misinterpretation; next, that a vastly greater number of passages, both in Old Testament and New, represent the creation and endowments of woman as on a par with those of man, and show her to have been recognized as an equal fellow-laborer by the leaders both of the old and new dispensations.

Lucy Stone has deeply studied this subject, and her manner of treating it is well adapted to convince those who have been accustomed to suppose the Bible adverse to the claims she makes for women. Her clear and sweet voice, her perfect distinctness of enunciation, the modesty, simplicity and appropriateness of her dress on the platform, her perfect ability to answer all objections as well as to show good reasons for her faith, and the serious earnestness with which she treats this subject, make her one of the very best lecturers now before the public.

NORTH.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, November 1st, 1869.

THE Academy of Music was handsomely filled last Monday evening, on the occasion of Olive Logan's lecture on "Girls." The brilliant audience seemed delighted with the choice entertainment, and the graceful and talented lecturer may rejoice over her splendid success. It seldom happens that a lecture wins such voluntary and unqualified praise, and while popular enthusiasm and approbation are not always a certain test of genuine intrinsic merit, there was much in this performance really deserving of encomium. It was very happily diversified, embracing in an attractive form those qualities which please and enliven an audience, holding the attention, quickening the emotions, and delighting every mind. The genial humor and sparkling wit were refreshing. The various anecdotes that gave point and illustration were keenly enjoyed; and there was an infusion of pathos, good sense, sound advice, admonition, the reformatory spirit, and a savor of delicious sauciness. The discipline of the stage was apparent in the graceful movement and effective gesture, as well as in the felicitous modulation of the voice, and some would call excessive the speaker's display and demonstration. But these things are of herself, inseparable and characteristic.

The lecture was not free from commonplace elements, and some of the matter was polished into comeliness by the power of a fascinating manner. It was easy to mistake for actual worth and substance the pleasant phantoms of art, which readily took captive the eye and the ear. Some of the pathetic passages were fine and impressive.

Her portraiture of the "strong-minded girl" was excellent. A stimulating effect could not fail to be produced by her admirable remarks touching this phase of her subject, and the young women who listened thereto must have been energized by fresh realizations of duty. Her appeal in behalf of suffrage for woman was vigorous, dignified and noble. It was peculiarly adapted to reaching and influencing many minds, and her aim in extending an interest in this important question into the domain of fashionable life, could not prove unavailing. Many listened to her words with kindly toleration or faint expressions of approval, who are accustomed to dismiss the subject with whatever epithet prejudice may prompt or scorn suggest. Those questions so freely discussed which relate to the welfare and happiness of woman, will surely gain wider attention and more general countenance through the efforts of Olive Logan.

The *Press* of Tuesday contains an editorial on the lecure, in which the writer says, "it is too late in the day to say that a cause which arouses such convictions and organizes such projects, is contemptible or weak. Sympathetic crowds like that of last night do not gather and separate without imbibing and believing many of the ideas so clearly and winningly presented."

It is pleasant to know that the *Press* can say this much. It would be still more gratifying if that paper would henceforth cease its "contemptible and weak" allusions, taunts and animadversions, uttered against some of the leaders in this great movement.

On Friday evening Emma Hardinge spoke in Harmonial Hall, at the corner of Eleventh and Wood, on the subject of "Woman and her mission." The speaker discussed woman's capabilities as a legislator, fortifying her argument by citing the examples of Christina of Sweden, Catharine of Russia, and Elizabeth and Victoria of England. The position and influence of each of these were touched upon, and their capacities as shown in their works, or the power they wielded, were tersely set forth. She marveled that any human being should deny woman's right to a voice in the legislation of her country, and believed that the introduction of her influence and example into every branch of legislative action, would have an ennobling and purifying effect.

Many instances were presented to show what woman is capable of doing, outside of what is popularly accepted as her especial sphere, merely to contravene those arguments which aim to prove an inferior limitation of her physical capacities. This branch of the subject was thoroughly reviewed. She earnestly entreated mothers to urge their daughters to a practical application of their talents, to have them enter the field of life's employments and do whatever they may be qualified for; to instruct them, as they do their boys, in some active pursuit; to give them a positive mission in order that they may become self dependent. She would have woman demonstrate to the world her capacity for every right. She disapproved of methods involving an antagonistic course of action for promoting woman's cause, and expressed more faith in the power of appeal. The address was full of interest, and was a mild yet forcible presentation of the absorbing theme.

It is announced that Parmalee & Co., of Samson street, this city, are about to publish a work by Olive Logan, entitled "Before the Footlights and Behind the Scenes." The book will contain six hundred and fifty pages octavo, to be printed on rose-tinted paper, and embellished with forty engravings and twenty-four full page cuts. It promises to be a racy and attractive work.

Philadelphia is to have a new daily paper. It will be published by Alexander Cummings, who established the *Evening Bulletin* of this city, and the *New York World*. The first number will make its appearance during the present week, from the North West corner of Sixth and Chestnut street, opposite the Ledger building. It will commence with an edition of twenty-five thousand copies. It is stated in the announcement that "the new paper will be entirely independent upon all questions, and will judge of every measure solely upon its merits, regarding it as neither better nor worse because espoused or contemned by a political party, or by partisan interests."

W.

LETTER FROM GILES B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 1st, 1869.

A. M. POWELL—*My Friend:*—I sit by my window, this pleasant Sunday morning and look out on the blue river not far distant, and the Canadian shore beyond. Once—it seems long ago—the hunted slave was free there, but could be seized like a stray beast, under the law, "for such cases made and provided," on this side. A copy of THE STANDARD is before me, and I stop reading to write.

For days reminiscences of old "abolition" times have grown in my mind. What a strange and wondrous faculty is this we call memory—the brain being as it were a vast palace of pictures, shadowy and invisible save when some thought or wish brings them out in freshness and life, to fade again until called out for some later use—to fade but never to perish, for Whittier truly says:

"And painted on the Eternal wall
The past shall reappear."

More than twenty-five years ago, I first saw and heard Mr. Garrison, and, to the utter surprise of my respectable Massachusetts, Whig, notions, he was a mild mannered person, and of a spirit gentle yet most resolute!

Then came a journey all the way to Boston from the Connecticut river, to attend the "May Meetings," and hear Phillips, Foster, Burleigh, May and others, and a week's amazement, not only at the eloquence of speech, but far more at the power of argument, and the piles of knotty facts flung right at Church and State and hitting and making a mark every time.

One hardly knows why or how some things turn but ere long I was out on the "Western Reserve" in Ohio with Stephen Foster and Abbey Kelly, and pictures come up of great multitudes in fresh groves, hungering and thirsting for the gospel of freedom, of crowded churches and barns and halls, of scowling mobs and sticks and stones stirring about as if on wings, and I can *almost* imagine that the ordor of bad eggs penetrates time and distance. Queer experiences were those of travelling lecturers. Years after I heard of you in Western New York, then but "a youth and a stripling," (we are not *very* venerable yet) and listened with great interest and not a little amusement, to the report of an encounter with four Methodist preachers, and how they all entered the lists against you at once—(the cowards)! and how you broke all their lances, and knocked their clumsy armor in pieces and left them all lying senseless as you rode off the field unscathed! The good Quaker who told the tale described you as "an old-headed youngster," and I can't see that you have changed much since. We all caught the fervor of earnestness. As a man in the West said to me, "You folks believe all you say and more too, and you say it as though you meant a good deal more."

This was what conquered,—allegiance to a great idea, and an earnestness that turned soul and body entire to the great work.

But these memories crowd in more and more, and your space is too small for them, and can be better used for matters of graver moment, and more present need. Most refreshing of all is the rememberance of men and women, kind, generous, tried and true, whose daily deeds and thoughts made all eloquence of public speech seem poor, and gave that spiritual power to a great revolution wanting which it could never have gained a victory.

But war has come and slavery is ended. You watch the half deserted battle-fields and keep your "STANDARD" flying, that baffled but malignant rebels may not come back to steal the fruits of victory, or plunder and murder unarmed soldiers who seek by peaceful labor to make "the grass grow green on battle plains" in the South.

The need of this will cease, or rather the time will come when others can do what may be needed. What then of THE STANDARD, and what of the Abolitionists? There is a truth in a rude idea of the fierce New Zealander that the strength of the captive in battle whom he kills and eats passes into his arm to make him stronger for new battles. Certain it is that one "moral warfare" fought and won gains strength for new effort in some fresh field. We can see politics, education, and reform, lifted up and made wiser, by the aid of men and women who did service in the "martyr days" of freedom. We can see the same in the "woman movement," and in religious reforms.

Here are new questions of race and sex, new emergencies, waiting souls, tired of the dead past, and looking for light and growth and knowledge in religion and spiritual life. Shall not THE STANDARD, with its special anti-slavery work closing, gather up the strength and experience of its long and useful career, and enter these new fields to gain and give new strength? Shall it not live and grow and have a career rich in usefulness with its columns filled with the best words and noblest thoughts of our day touching these reforms and these aspirations for light and knowledge and wisdom for the Life that is and the Life Beyond?

Such are my memories and questions on this quiet Sabbath. I hear the puff of an engine and look out to see a great propeller sweep grandly down the river; go north two hundred miles, and the bark canoe of the Indian still creeps along the lake shore; so closely do these phases of life follow each other. The world moves, let THE STANDARD keep high, and move on.

Truly yours, G. B. STEBBINS.

A STATED MEETING of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at 727 Filbert street on Fifth Day, the 11th instant, at 3 1-2 o'clock P. M.

G. M. S. P. JONES, Secretary.

[For the Anti-Slavery Standard].

FRANCE.—1851—1869.

"MARSHAL BAZAINE has been authorized to use his cannon without mercy, if need be."—*Cable dispatch from Paris, dated Oct. 25th 1869.*

Emperor—Yes! by grace of crime,
Ruler over a nation grand!
Still thy Nemesis—Silent Time!—
Unyielding furies fiercely band.
Oat with your guns—train on the street:
What matters the years that have fled!
Still the grim, gaunt spectre you meet,
Bedew'd with the blood that was shed.

Your cannon without mercy bring,
Oh! servant of an Empire grim,
To the rabble let soldiers sing
The Chassepot's deadliest hymn.
"How dare this mob so boldly ask
For liberties long since grasped?"
Bricks without straws!—off with the mask
That the Empire lately clasped.

Be patient yet, Oh! People great,
Tho' years are dark with blood and tears,
Thy surer hope is still to wait,
And gather strength as Freedom hears.
Gleams the bayonet deadly—still
Rings that sentence's scoffing sound—
"They may uplift, but never will
A seat on them be easy found."

Cæsar our Prometheus binds,
Through lying years' successful toil,
While subtle freedom power finds,
And all the plots usurping spoil.
The die is cast! We read its doom,
The Empire raised on bloody fraud,
'Tis writ o'er that dishonored tomb—
"Uses who shall perish by the sword."

RICHARD J. HINTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 26th, 1869.

THE COUNTRY IN OCTOBER.

LAKE VIEW, GEORGETOWN, Mass., Oct. 24th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

GREATLY to be pitied are the unfortunate ones who cannot be in the country in October. To them the full glory of Nature is unrevealed. They may be familiar with the magic transformation wrought by spring, with the delicious songs and scents of June, the luxury and glow of the later summer; but if they are doomed to spend October imprisoned in a city, they know not half the delights which our Mother Earth so bounteously bestows upon her children.

Yesterday, hoping that to-day might be fine, and knowing if it were not there would be warmth and sunshine in our friends' hospitable home, however dreary without, we braved the torrents of rain, rushed dripping to the station, and thence were whirled away, past soaking hills and weeping trees—beautiful even in tears,—to this pleasant place. And we are rewarded for our courage, for this is one of the perfect October days. This morning we explored every nook and corner of this pleasant house, admired the taste and harmony of all its arrangements, and enjoyed the beautiful views which are to be seen from every window. Its inmates were most fortunate in their selection of a spot to build upon. The situation is charming. The house stands high and commands a broad sweep of country—of hills and two lovely lakes and woods all aglow with autumn beauty. Close at hand lies Georgetown, a pretty, quiet place, the graceful tower of its Memorial Church,—George Peabody's gift—rising above the trees; and a little farther off, the picturesque town of Haverhill,—Whittier's early home,—nestles among the hills. The lovely landscape, the cheerful sunshine, the cool and bracing, but not chilly air, woo us forth, and gladly we accept an invitation to take a regular "tramp" through the woods. Over stone walls and across a field or two, and we find ourselves in a delightful wood, as full of brilliant color as any Eastern palace. The maple reveals its treasures of scarlet and gold; the stately oak stands clothed in finest bronze, or deepest crimson intermingled with vivid green. Among these the lowliest often wear the most glorious hues. Some of the oak leaves are of an indescribable color, richer than the richest crimson, and when the sun saines through them, the whole tree looks as if it were steeped in reddest wine. The beeches wear gracefully their garments of soft brown, and on every walnut tree a shower of pure gold has fallen. Deep cushions of velvet moss are spread invitingly upon the ground, and here and there a few ferns, the last of the race, droop their graceful heads. Through the deep stillness no sound comes except the pleasant, far-off music of church bells. Slowly we leave the wood, laden with spoils, and in the meadow, on its edge, we find quantities of the fringed gentian, the loveliest of all the later wild flowers. As we eagerly gather the precious blossoms, Bryant's familiar words come to us—

"Thou blossom, wet with autumn dew
And colored with the heaven's own blue,—
* * * * *
"Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall."

Whittier, too, mentions the gentian in his beautiful poem—"My Psalm"

"Still shall the blue-eyed gentian look,
Through fringed lids to heaven."

Leaving the field we enter a road bordered by noble elms, whose leafless condition renders more striking the blending of strength and symmetry in their forms; and suddenly we come upon a birch, even more exquisite in shape than most of its graceful family. A few leaves of a pale gold still linger upon it, but most of its delicate branches are bare, and traced with wonderful fineness upon the deep blue of the sky. There is something ethereal about it. It seems the spirit of a tree. All along the road we have glimpses of the hills and lakes and woods with here and there a village spire gleaming through the trees. Nothing breaks the Sabbath stillness, and we see no living thing except a few drowsy cattle, and one little chickadee—a pretty picture, with his snowy breast, soft gray wings, and shining black head. Soon we enter another wood,—a pine wood,—and here an especial blessing seems to fall upon us as we tread softly and reverently the thick carpet of fragrant brown leaves, and listen to the murmur of the pines—"the slow song of the sea." As we go deeper into the wood, we find a cheerful singing brook, and near it, creeping along the ground, are quantities of wintergreen, the michella, with its pretty mottled leaves and scarlet berries, and numerous other vines whose names we do not know, but which we eagerly appropriate to cheer and beautify our rooms during the long and dreaded winter. For the same purpose we rob the hemlock of its shining branches, ruthlessly pull up whole beds of moss, and even increase our store by the addition of some curious toadstools. One kind is a deep orange color, spotted with white, and looking like some very enticing kind of confectionary. Others are the softest golden brown, as color that is always a delight to the eyes.

Leaving the wood, and very leisurely sauntering along, we come at last to a sparkling mill pond, in one of those deep, delightful hollows in which saw-mills especially like to hide themselves. And here is one old and gray, at least a hundred years old. Its surroundings are so wild that it seems to be deep in the heart of the country—miles away from any town; so little changed, and yet so near the ever rushing, changing tide of human life. Its wheels have gone on and on,—

"Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth."

And the blue sky still bends above it, and the water dances and sparkles at its feet, and the trees lovingly enclose it in their embrace, just as they did a hundred years ago.

But now the deepening shadows warn us that it is time to turn our steps homeward. We take a steep hill on our way, bearing the fitting name of "Bald-pate." It is said to be, with one exception, the highest point of land, not a mountain, in the State. From its summit we have a magnificent view of hills, and woods and lakes and neighboring towns, and in the distance mountains, whose names we do not know, but we are almost sure one of them is Monadnock,—and, best of all, the sea! What fascination in that distant line of deepest blue, dotted with snowy sails. Over all the varied landscape the setting sun pours his golden light. We think it one of the finest views we ever saw, for we have but a *misty* remembrance of the only mountain scenery we have known. As we slowly descend the hill, the shadows creep higher and higher up the slopes and trees. We reach the foot, and after walking some distance, turn, just in time to see the sun sinking behind "Baldpate" in a gorgeous setting of purple and gold; then, turning to the east, we see along the horizon a strip of sky of the softest, most exquisite blue, and directly above it another of lovely rose-color. And still, over all, lingers that wonderful mellow light which we see only in October. It is a fitting close to a perfect day.

We can hardly believe that we have walked nearly seven miles, we feel so little fatigue. And for this we give the credit, firstly, to our kind companion and guide, who has accommodated his pace to ours, and, "learned in lore of wood and field," has pointed out to us at every step some object of interest; and, secondly, to the peculiarly delightful exhilarating air of Georgetown. One drinks in great draughts of it, and gains strength and courage thereby. At last, at dark, we reach the pleasant home and wondering, waiting household, laden with priceless treasures, richer than any eastern monarch, and in a perfectly blissful state of soul and body.

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget;
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,—
Go to the woods and hills; no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

C. L. F.

LATTER FROM JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

MT. PLEASANT Iowa, 10 mo., 26, 1869.

DEAR FRIEND: Enclosed I send thee an obituary notice of one of the best of men who has passed to the world of light. If not asking too much I would like it to appear in THE STANDARD.

Dear Nathaniel Barney having finished his labor of love here has passed over the river. Peace to his dear memory. At a time when I was under a severe pressure in religious society on account of my connection with the anti-slavery movement, this good man wrote me a beautiful and sympathising letter which I have carefully preserved and filed, with many others from true and tried men and women, whose devotion and holy zeal I have no doubt essentially hastened the overthrow of American slavery.

Notwithstanding the frosts of autumn are touching my head, whenever I recur to the scenes of by gone years, in which it was my privilege to be an humble worker in the effort to break the fetters of the slave, my heart always pulses with a *warmth* and *fervor* that it is good to feel. We have about 300 of the freed people in our little city of 6000 inhabitants, and they are industrious and well esteemed; greatly more so than in any other place I have ever lived. Our public schools are opened to them and they have two neat and comfortable houses for religious worship. Cordially, JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

OBITUARY.

BY JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

Immortal life with God, of one who was for many years a mutilated Slave.

DIED.—On the 14th inst., at his residence in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, DAVID JOHNSON, born a Slave but died a *Freeman* in the Lord. During the rebellion he came to this city with his family, and like all of his class, who were victims of slavery, he was very poor. His fate had been an unusually hard one. His hands and feet had been frozen so that it was with difficulty and suffering that he performed manual labor. He walked bowed down like a man of seventy, while, according to his own account, he was but forty-seven years old. He had secured a comfortable little home, and by the assistance of some friends, it was all paid for. When Anna E. Dickinson was here and taking a morning walk with a friend, she called to see "old Uncle Davie" as we called him, and from the proceeds of her lecture the evening before, had the pleasure of furnishing him just enough to liquidate the remaining debt.

"Uncle Davie" was no beggar, but a noble-souled, simple-hearted man. He was a member of the Baptist church, and a pious, devout follower of the Redeemer.

On an occasion during a period of bitter cold weather, a person from an impression of duty visited him with a little meal and a few comforts from several friends, and inquired if he'd be offended by the offering. Tears were his first answer. After a moment's hesitation, he replied, "I have got along pretty well until now, and dis mornin' de meal and de meat was *all gone*, and I *felt* dat de Lord would do something for me, and I take dis as from Him." God *did hear* and *answer* the humble prayer of the old saint. A short time previous to his dissolution he had been engaged in loading and hauling stone, and his feeble frame was strained and injured by overlifting. He was conscious that he was "to go up higher," and said the day before he died, "De Lord said to me—'Will you be one of the men to go wid me?' and I said *yes*, and dis is *de last night* I will be with you." So it proved. He has left two little lads and the aged mother of his deceased wife and while we say peace to the ashes of "Uncle Davie," let our hearts be touched with *compassion* for the old mother and little children, and when we sit down to our tables, remember to share with the widow and the orphan—bearing in mind the words of Jesus: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto me."—*Mt. Pleasant*, (Iowa) *Journal*.

FROM VIRGINIA.

THE reconstruction of Virginia proceeds on on the exact basis of the July election, and every new phase of its progress reveals a rebel success. They are pushing their cause with bated breath that they may halloo but the louder when Virginia shall be admitted or received back to her place without the members of the Legislature having had to subscribe to the test oath. The first act of Gov. Walker in appointing Col. Wm. E. Cameron, of the Petersburg *Index*, his private secretary, leads us to suspect his republicanism more than ever; and by the way we hear it stated from pretty good authority that he is a disguised Tammany Democrat, dyed in the wool. Mr. Cameron is considered by those who know him best to be one of the most uncompromising rebels in the State he and rebel Gen. Mahone are to run the State government, and so-called Gov. Walker, will be their pliant instrument. This move, the appointment of Cameron, is at once a warning to the George Rye quasi Republicans to keep a respectful distance from the Gubernatorial mansion. The Republicans of Virginia are sorely perplexed at the course things have taken in regard to her reconstruction. The newly elected legislature has been permitted to assemble to transact certain business, when it is positively a matter of both history as well as fact, that some of its members were old office holders before the war, and did subsequently take an active and leading part in the rebellion; and not only has the test oath not been required of the members of that body, but they have elected the old clerks who served it before and during the war. The whole legislature, with but a small fractional exception, is rebel, with one black conservative out-door keeper thrown in as a hated morsel. If this legislature is allowed to stand and proceed to business as now organized, it seems to us that the Government is not keeping faith with its friends, and the few white Republicans we have here have got either to turn dirt eaters or rebels, as many have already done. But certainly it cannot be that Congress meant to tamper with reconstruction this way, that is, to get together a rebel legislature simply to pass the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and then quash them. If it only meant this, it need not have passed the reconstruction acts of 1867-8-9, requiring certain qualifications of the men who were to bring the State back by loyal men. We cannot see that anything at all has been gained, only delay, because if this is a chance matter, chance was as good in 1867, when the legislature refused unanimously to pass the Fourteenth Amendment, as it is in 1869 when a Legislature of the same stamp passes it, but means to put its foot upon it in 1870. What then are we to infer. Is Congress going to repeal its acts relating to reconstruction, or is it going to pass a sweeping amnesty act and enfranchise every body who took part in the rebellion, or has Attorney Gen. Hoar, made the blunder, and with no comprehension of the situation either of Congress or of the people down here, inveigled the legislature into passing the Fifteenth Amendment with the idea that Congress will, on coming together in December, purge the legislature of its disqualified members. Should this be done, and the members of each house are reduced to less then a quorum, then it would seem that the Fifteenth Amendment had not been properly passed, and that we are still without its benefits.

But another thing. If the legislature could so far strain its profession of loyalty as to select two Senators, whose eligibility it knows is exceedingly doubtful, is it not a proof that the people of Virginia intend to regain their admission with as determined a rebel element as they can force, and the incredulity of the North will admit. No honest mind can doubt it; and to trust these unreconstructed people on a pretence of honesty, will be to trust to a blind faith that powder will not explode when a hot coal is dropped upon it. Turn this State loose as now organized, and what have we? Gov. Walker and the legislature will give us a St Dominic for every court house, and an inquisition in every county; the rage pinned down by the bayonet will then emit itself in violent decoctions, and not even the hope of wining the negro over to the Democracy will be sufficient to restrain it. AVON.

RICHMOND, Oct. 28th, 1869.

THE right for women to vote is possessed more extensively than is commonly supposed. In Australia women can vote as nobles and as tax-payers. In Canada, as in several of our own States, women are allowed to vote for and serve as school trustees. In Sweden, chiefly through the exertions of the late Frederika Bremer, an indirect right of voting was in 1862 granted to all women possessing specified property qualifications. In Italy a widow, or wife separated from her husband, may vote if she pays taxes. Also in Holland single women possessing property are entitled to vote on all questions likely to affect its value. In many towns in France women possess and exercise the right to vote in municipal affairs.—*New Bedford Standard.*

A YOUNG lady, who desired to become a student in the Columbia Law College, has had her application rejected, on the ground that the presence of ladies in the lecture-room would distract the attention of pupils and professors from their duties. The admission is not very flattering to the professors.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE municipal body of the town of Vienna has decided that 7,000 women inhabiting the town, paying its taxes, and otherwise complying with all legal conditions, shall be admitted to the right of an elective vote. —*London Beehive.*

LITERARY.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Weekly Chronicle* writes as follows of

THEODORE PARKER'S WORKS.

"Mr. Fuller is publisher of Theodore Parker's Works, and is gradually bringing out a complete edition of them in fifteen volumes. Two of these are his translation of De Wette's Introduction to the Old Testament, with copious notes of his own. Of the remaining thirteen volumes, only three are devoted wholly to sermons or theological topics, while one contains critical papers contributed to the *Dial*; another is the defense he prepared to make when arrested for resisting the Fugitive Slave Law; a third gives the story of his Experience in the ministry, and was written as a letter to his society after he went away in his vain search for health; a fourth is the story of "Two Christmas Celebrations;" and the other volumes are made up of speeches, lectures, addresses, and sermons without texts on slavery, war, education, labor, noted public men, and a great variety of other topics. His was a terribly active mind and a densely crowded life. He was always studying, always thinking, always writing, always speaking, always laboring for the relief of the wretched and the defense of the wronged, always in the thickest of the fight against every form of injustice and error, and always full of tender and sweet affection for his many friends. These volumes are a memorial of his various labors and the wide range of his sympathies, as well as a statement of his religious belief. I use these two words purposely, for though brought up in the straitest orthodoxy, I can not help acknowledging that Parker was deeply *religious*, and that he was a profound *believer*. He is sometimes called an atheist, out probably no man ever lived who more intensely and joyfully believed in God; and his faith in immortality was not a feeble hope or vague expectation, but a positive assurance, and an unfailing source of strength. Mr. Fuller has just issued in a pamphlet, his sermon of the "Immortal Life," which is very timely now, when so many doubt utterly or think unworthily of the life to come.

"Charles W. Slack, of the *Commonwealth*, and a man who tries to infuse into Massachusetts politics the lofty principles that Theodore Parker never wearied of proclaiming, issues a volume composed of choice and characteristic extracts from Parker's sermons. It is called "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man," and though it is fragmentary and gives only hints of Parker's views on the thousand topics touched upon, it abounds in pithy sentences full of generous and noble thought; in pictures such as Parker delighted to paint, of natural beauty, of heroic endeavor or endurance of love that hopeth all things and believeth all things, of saintly women doing every duty and bearing every burden of life with meekness and patience, of perfect marriage and a perfect home. The book is not one to offend those who dislike Parker's theology, while it is full of wise and helpful suggestions of grand and inspiring thoughts, of tender and noble sentiments, that cannot fail to charm and benefit all who read it."

The Phrenological Jonrnal for November contains the following sketches of general interest: Hon. Asa Packer; Gen. John A. Rawlins; William P. Fessenden; Gen. Washington's Head; Life's Mission and Reward; Mother Ann Lee, the Shaker; The Cathedral of Milan; Are the Women to Blame? A Beautiful Face, how it is Marred; Insects, or Instinct without Brain; Chinese Proverbs and Wise Saws; Salem Witchcraft; Personal Responsibility; Cranial Defects in Criminal Classes; On the Expression of the Eye; Spectrum Analysis, etc., with engraved Portraits and other Illustrations. A new Volume begins with the January number.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have the twenty-eighth thousand of "Little Women" in press. The London *Athenæum* praises the work very highly, as a cheerful domestic story in which the reader will find more truth and humor than in many works of fiction of a more pretentious character.

The *History of Pendennis*, printed in excellent style and shape (8vo, paper), by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, with Thackeray's own illustrations, at the low price of seventy-five cents, is the latest volume of their cheap edition of the great humorist.

The November number of *The Woman's Advocate* contains the first installment of a story entitled "The Market Woman"—an interesting story of real life—from the pen of Antoinette Brown Blackwell.

Tennyson has in press a new volume, the title of which is not yet announced; but it is understood to be substantially a second series of "Idylls of the King."

The "Old Curiosity Shop," printed in raised letters at the expense of Charles Dickens, has been distributed among the institutions of the blind in Pennsylvania.

RECEIVED.

The Woman's Advocate for November. New York: William P. Tomlinson, publisher.

The Herald of Health for November. New York: Wood & Holbrook.

Merry's Museum for November. Boston: H. B. Fuller.

The Ladies' Repository for November. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.

The Radical for November. Boston: S. H. Morse, Editor and Proprietor.

Every Saturday. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

OBITUARY.

J. W. DUNBAR MOODIE, Esq., a retired officer of the British army, who died at Belleville, Canada West, on Friday, the 22d ult., at the age of seventy years, was a gentleman of literary taste, and a good poet. He was the author of "Ten Years in South Africa," written when he was a young man, also "Scenes and Adventures as a Soldier and Settler," written in his later years, as well as a number of poems, all of which evince a feeling heart, as well as literary ability. He was an intimate friend of the late Thomas Pringle Esq., of London, Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, and an earnest coadjutor in the cause of the oppressed slaves of South Africa, and a friend of humanity everywhere. In the words of the notice of his death published in the *Toronto Telegraph* of the 23d ult., "he was a high-minded, honorable gentleman, a man without deceit or guile." To which the writer who had the honor of being his friend and correspondent, can add, that he was of a most friendly spirit, and of the most generous and noble impulses, one of those whose memory must ever remain green and beautiful with all who knew him. Mr. Moodie was a native of Melsetter in the Orkney Islands, and the fourth son of Major James Moodie, and of honorable ancestry. He was the husband of the distinguished authoress, who survives him, Mrs Susanna Moodie, a daughter of the late Thomas Strickland, Esq., of Reydon Hall, Suffolk, England, and a younger sister of Agnes Strickland, the well-known authoress. Mrs. Fitzgibbon, who has lately published a work on the plants of Canada of much merit, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moodie.

"When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich, the twilight glow!
The morning twilight of a sun,
That shines not here—on things below."

NEW BEDFORD, Nov. 1st, 1869. D. R.

JOSEPH PIERRE BENUIT.

DIED JANUARY 25TH, 1844.

[An Ellsworth (Me.) correspondent sends the following lines for publication, adding, "They were composed by Wm. B. Smith of Machias, (recently deceased) who was a true friend of the Indians. I think Benu't was Governor of the Passamaquody tribe."]

He of nature's noblemen, noblest of his race,
In the happy spiritland, now hath found a place;
Glowing like the star of eve, in those wintry skies,
His unfettered soul above finds a sweet surprise.
For each scene he loved on earth, dressed in heavenly light,
Hill and valley, river, lake, greet his raptured sight;
There the woods are ever green calling him away,
Spreading like eternity where his footsteps stray;
There the startled Summer fawn and the caribou,
Roving yet unnumbered fall before his bow;
There the waters ever free, with a merry flow,
Joyful bear his light canoe whither he would go;
There the voices of the dead who had gone before,
Hail him with their sweetest song from each sunny shore,
And for him the stormy skies and the chilling blast,
All his sorrows, toils and cares, God be thanked, are past.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CALL.

THE undersigned, being convinced of the necessity of an American Woman Suffrage Association, which shall embody the deliberate action of the State organizations, and shall carry with it their united weight, do hereby respectfully invite such organizations to be represented in a Delegate Convention, to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, November 24th and 25th, A. D., 1869.

The proposed basis of this Convention is as follows:

The Delegates appointed by existing State organizations shall be admitted, provided their number does not exceed, in each case, that of the Congressional delegation of the State. Should it fall short of that number additional Delegates may be admitted from local organizations, or from no organization whatever, provided the applicants be actual residents of the States they claim to represent. But no votes shall be counted in the Convention except of those actually admitted as Delegates.

MAINE.—John Neal.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Nathaniel White, Armenia S. White, William T. Savage.

VERMONT.—James Hutchinson, Jr., C. W. Willard.

MASSACHUSETTS.—William Lloyd Garrison, Lydia Maria Child, David Lee Child, George F. Hoar, Julia Ward Howe, Gilbert Haven, Caroline M. Severance, James Freeman Clarke, Abby Kelley Foster, Stephen S. Foster, Frank B. Sanborn, Phebe A. Hanaford, E. D. Draper, Edna L. Cheney.

RHODE ISLAND.—Elizabeth B. Chace, T. W. Higginson, Rowland G. Hazard.

CONNECTICUT.—H. M. Rogers, Seth Rogers, Marianna

Miscellaneous Department.

BONAPARTE, AUG. 15, 1769.—HUMBOLDT, SEPT. 14, 1769.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Ere yet the waning chimes of midnight sound,
  Set back the flaming index of the year,
Track the swift-shifting seasons in their round
  Through five-score circles of the swinging sphere.

Lo, in yon islet of the midland sea
  That cleaves the storm-cloud with its snowy crest,
The embryo heir of empires yet to be,
  A month-old babe upon his mother's breast.

Those little hands, that soon shall grow so strong
  In their rude grasp great thrones shall rock and fall,
Press her soft bosom, while a nursery song
  Holds the world's master in its slender thrall.

Look! a new crescent bends its silver bow;
  A new-lit star has fired the eastern sky;
Hark! by the river where the lindens blow
  A waiting household hears an infant's cry.

This, too, a conqueror! His the vast domain,
  Wider than widest sceptre-shadowed lands:
Earth and the weltering kingdom of the main
  Laid their broad charters in his royal hands.

His was a taper lit in cloistered cage,
  Its glimmer borrowed from the grove or porch;
He read the record of the planet's page
  By Etna's glare and Cotopaxi's torch.

He heard the voices of the pathless woods;
  On the salt steppes he saw the starlight shine;
He scaled the mountain's windy solitudes,
  And trod the galleries of the breathless mine.

For him no fingering of the love-strung lyre,
  No problem vague, by torturing schoolmen vexed;
He fed no broken altar's dying fire,
  Nor skulked and scowled behind a Rabbi's text.

For God's new truth he claimed the kingly robe
  That priestly shoulders counted all their own,
Unrolled the gospel of the storied globe,
  And led young Science to her empty throne.

While the round planet on its axle spins
  One fruitful year shall boast its double birth,
And show the cradles of its mighty twins,
  Master and Servant of the sons of earth.

Which wears the garland that shall never fade,
  Sweet with fair memories that can never die?
Ask not the marbles where their bones are laid,
  But bow thine ear to hear thy brother's cry:

"Tear up the despot's laurels by the root,
  Like mandrake's shrieking as they quit the soil!
Feed us no more upon the blood-red fruit
  That sucks its crimson from the heart of Toil!

We claim the food that fixed our mortal fate:
  Bend to our reach the long forbidden tree!
The angel frowned at Eden's eastern gate—
  Its western portal is forever free!

Bring the white blossoms of the waning year,
  Heap with full hands the peaceful conqueror's shrine.
Whose bloodless triumphs cost no sufferer's tear!
  Hero of knowledge be our tribute thine!"

—*Atlantic Monthly for November.*

MOTHER BICKERDYKE.

Among the friends of our soldiers in the late war, none made herself more useful or more beloved than Mrs. Mary Ann Bickerdyke, better known to soldiers and the country at large by the name of "Mother Bickerdyke." She is a widow woman of humble origin and an education more useful than ornamental, plain in manners, ready of speech, and equally ready with hand and heart to do what humanity and love of country require. When the war began, she was housekeeper in a family at Cleveland, but she soon entered the service as a volunteer nurse among the sick and wounded soldiers of the Western armies, where she earned her title by her devotion to "the boys." She seems to have gone into the South with Grant, for she was at the capture of Fort Donelson and the battle of Shiloh. Afterward, under Sherman, she had charge of the celebrated Gayoso hospital at Memphis, where she found things much as Miss Alcott describes them in her "Hurlyburly hospital" at Washington, and left them in good condition, after a long service as matron. It was while here that she procured the discharge of a surgeon who had neglected his patients, badly wounded, while he was on a drunken spree; and when he went to Gen. Sherman, afterward, to get reinstated, was asked who got him discharged. After some hesitation, the fellow said, "Why, I suppose it was that woman, that Mrs. Bickerdyke." "Oh, well," said Sherman, "if it was Mother Bickerdyke, I can do nothing for you; she ranks me!" She was a great favorite both with Grant and Sherman, and seldom failed to get what she wanted from headquarters, if there was any trouble about her "boys." Mrs. Livermore says of her:—

"Gen. Sherman is the beau ideal of Mother Bickerdyke's great man and great soldier. She would always defend Gen. Grant like a tigress; but it was clear to every one that Gen. Sherman was the especial object of her idolatry. And, to-day, I really think that she would give her life for Sherman, if the sacrifice were necessary—that she would count it a small thing to die for him. She rates him higher than Grant, higher than President Lincoln, and altogether superior as a soldier, to Gen. Washington; and woe to the luckless wight, who would dare lower her idol to his proper place on the pedestal! Gen. Sherman, on his side, fully appreciates Mother Bickerdyke, and when he was curt and repellant to all agents and nurses, and employes of the Sanitary and Christian and State commissions, she had the entree to his head quarters, and the granting of any favors she chose to ask. There is something in her character akin to his own—both are restless, impetuous fiery, hard-working and indomitable. After the fall of Vicksburg, he asked that Mother Bickerdyke might become an especial attache of his corps—the Fifteenth. Ever after, during the war, she considered herself, in an especial sense, under Sherman's direction; and the soldiers of the Fifteenth corps always, and to this day, claim exclusive ownership of her.

"On one of her brief furloughs, she was once in Chicago, and made several visits to the families of soldiers whom she had left in the hospital, carrying aid and comfort with her. She found one of these families at this time in great distress from poverty. The husband and father had been in positions that had kept him for ten months out of the reach of the paymaster, and the family were in great need of the money which he had failed to receive. They were owing six months' house-rent, and the landlord, a penurious, hard man, had served a writ of ejectment upon them, and was preparing to put them summarily into the street. Mother Bickerdyke paid him a visit at his office, and sought to turn him from his purpose, with all the peculiar eloquence of which she was mistress. He could not be moved, but scorned her, and ordered her from his premises. She rose to go, and taking a Bible from the shelf, which had probably never been used except to give legality to oaths, she opened to the sixteenth of Luke, and straightening to her full height and putting on her terrible face, before an audience of a dozen or more, read these words: "And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died, and was buried; and in *hell*—IN HELL—IN HELL"—increasing the terrible emphasis each time—"he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." "You see what you're coming to, sir," she added, "the time may not be far off. May God have mercy on you! Good-bye!" Then the resolute woman sought another home for the soldier's family, and rested not in her humane work until she had raised the money to pay the rent for six months in advance."

She continued in the employ of the Sanitary Commission and in other kinds of work for the soldiers till the war closed, and was unsurpassed in what she did. Since the war she has been laboring for the freedmen, for prisoners, the intemperate, and all the unfortunates who need sympathy and effort in their behalf. For the last three weeks she has been in New England, chiefly in Boston, where she has made the acquaintance of the best people, and has set on foot several good enterprises. She is now working for Mr. Charles Stearns's project of giving the freedmen of Georgia homes, and for this purpose will address a meeting in Boston within a few days. She has spoken at several meetings with very good effect, but her "interviews" with people are said to call forth most her magnetic power over men's hearts. She called on Gov. Claflin a few days ago to ask of him a letter to Gen. Burnside, and his excellency became deeply interested in what she had to say of the matters she takes to heart. We wish she might come to Springfield and inspire our people with the great-hearted generosity with which she undertakes any work she believes to be hers. Such a woman is the best argument for woman suffrage, and when Gail Hamilton expressed a wish that she might see her critic, Dr. Todd, sidling up to Mother Bickerdyke, with his impertinent advice about what a woman ought and ought not to do, she called up a very ludicrous picture. What Rev. Mr. Fulton would say to her, we don't know. She certainly is one "woman as God made her," and yet we dare say Mr. F—— never dreamed of such when he wrote his little sermons. As a specimen of her sermons, Mrs. Livermore has this account of one she gave at Milwaukee:—

She had rendered great service to almost all the Wisconsin regiments in the Western army, and the people of Milwaukee, who were just then holding a fair for the relief of wounded and sick soldiers, would not be denied the pleasure of a visit from her. I was obliged to accompany her, for she refused to go anywhere to be lionized, unless some one was with her to keep her in countenance. She was overwhelmed with attentions. The Milwaukee chamber of commerce, which had made an appropriation of $1,200 a month, for the relief of wounded soldiers, to be continued to the end of the war, invited her to their hall to receive from them a formal expression of gratitude for what she had done for Wisconsin soldiers. A number of ladies accompanied her "on change," for otherwise she would not have gone. A very handsome address was made her, by the president of the chamber, in behalf of the State of Wisconsin, and she was eloquently commended, and heartily thanked, for her patriotic labors, and informed of the recent appropriation of the board. Then a reply was evidently expected of her, which I feared she would decline to make. Instead of this, she answered briefly, simply, and with great power. "I'm much obliged to you, gentlemen, for the kind things you've said I haven't done much; no more than I ought. Neither have you. I'm glad you're going to give $1,200 a month for the poor fellows in the hospital, but it's no more than you ought to do, and it isn't half as much as the soldiers in the hospitals have given for you. Suppose, gentlemen, you'd got to give to-night $1,000 or your right leg—would it take you long to decide which to give? $2,000 or your right arm? $5,000 or your right eye? All you've got, or your life? And yet I've got eighteen hundred boys in my hospital at Chattanooga, who have given, some, one arm and one leg, and some have given both, and yet they haven't thought they've done a great deal for their country. And the graveyard about the hospital, and the battle-field a little farther off, contains the bodies of thousands who have freely given their lives to save you, and your homes, and your country, from ruin. Oh, gentlemen! don't let us be telling of what we have given and what we have done! We have done nothing, and given nothing, in comparison with them! And it is our duty to keep on giving, and doing just as long as there's a soldier down South fighting for us!" It would not be easy to match the pathos and eloquence of this untutored speech.—*Springfield Republican.*

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Oft have I walked these woodland paths
  In sadness, not foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
  The flowers of spring were growing.

To-day the winds have swept away
  These wrecks of autumn's splendor;
And here the fair arbutus flowers
  Are springing fresh and tender.

O perfect flowers with lips of bloom!
  Surpassing in their beauty
The pearly tint of ocean shells,
  To teach me faith and duty.

Walk life's dark way, ye seem to say,
  In hope and faith, foreknowing
That when man sees but withered leaves,
  God sees the fair flowers growing.

A. J. DAVIS ON THOMAS CARLYLE.

OBJECTIONS TO CARLYLE'S DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the World:

Sir: My attention has just been called to a "remarkable letter" copied into your columns from the *American Scotchman*, in which the strong-minded Mr. Carlyle scornfully denominates Spiritualism (a thing he never mentions unless when compelled) as "*ultra brutalism*," and as the "*Liturgy of Dead-sea Apes.*"

This exceedingly gross and vulgarly vague definition of Spiritualism is unworthy the transcendent talents and acknowledged attainments of the Scotch philosopher. It is narrow and bitter in its injustice and disgustingly incomprehensible in its insinuations.

Concerning Spiritualism, Mr. Editor, permit me to remark that the *reality* of nothing in this world is more certainly established. It is as certainly TRUE as that man is endowed with a mental and spiritual constitution. The history of Spiritualism begins where the human race began its eternal career. The supernaturalism of all ages and peoples is nothing but "this thing which calls itself Spiritualism." It is the foundation of all absolute knowledge concerning the world beyond the tomb. Deprive the religious world of its so-called miracles—put out the clairvoyant eyes of the world's seers of spiritual existence—and instantly, "in the twinkling of an eye," the glory of immortality is extinguished, and God's beautiful universe becomes an empty circle of materialism and everlasting death.

The overbearing character of Mr. Carlyle's denunciation may, in part, be pardoned because of the vexatious mysticism of Wm. Denovan's bewildering pamphlet entitled "Temple of Isis." In this little work the facts of spiritualism are accounted for by a perplexing hypothesis, enough to throw a man of Mr. Carlyle's dogmatic temperament into a fit of uncontrollable "disagreeability." One year ago I addressed Mr. Denovan a note regarding the unscientific character of his "explanation of Spiritualism;" and I had hopes that, from motives of disinterested kindness, he would not disturb the calm repose of Mr. Carlyle with spectral hypotheses sent forth from the "Temple of Isis."

MY DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM,

however, is considerably different from that given by the majority of Spiritualists. It is generally esteemed as the name of a new religion. On the other hand, I employ the term "Spiritualism" as applicable to a revival of "evidence," appreciable by the physical senses, that a person is not destroyed by the chemistry of death, but *exists* as much of an individual as before, and enjoys the privilege of travelling in the spiritual universe, and of revisiting the earth and holding converse with friends still in the flesh.

Spiritualists hold very generally that "circles" and "manifestations" should be multiplied and continually evoked. On the contrary, I hold that, beyond establishing the momentous question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"—beyond a sensuous demonstration of the fact of personal immortality—the holding of "circles" and the accumulation of repetitious "manifestations" are not at all beneficial, but rather weakening to both the nerves and the judgment.

DARK CIRCLES UNPROFITABLE.

Excepting for scientific investigations—to test the delicacy and wondrous power of spirits over material things—I hold that "dark circles" are valueless and injurious. As means of carrying conviction to skeptical minds, the lightless sessions amount to nothing. Persons convinced of Spiritualism by such evidences usually require an endless repetition of "facts" to keep their faith from languishing. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle's mind has been disgusted with the weakness and superstition of persons calling themselves Spiritualists. Of this class I think Spiritualism can show as large a percentage as did early Christianity, or as can the juvenile years of any sect in Christendom.

But, although Spiritualism is not, according to my definition, a *new* religion, *it is the herald of a higher era of spiritual development.* It makes possible and hospitably welcomes every fresh thought in philosophy, and inspires every advancement in science, society, and life. A free religious development of the essentials of Christianity is one of the effects of "this thing which calls itself Spiritualism." An age of new ideas is dawning beyond the ocean of this spiritual agitation, and I had some hope that a mind so large and far-seeing as Carlyle's would be touched with at least *one* ray from the new sun. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

ORANGE, October 19th, 1869.

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

How softly on the bruised heart
  A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
  The moist'ning tear-drop calls;
Oh, if they knew who walked the earth
  'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
  'Twere paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may
  The simple pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts
  Return again and live;
Oh, what is life if love be lost?
  If man's unkind to man—
Or, what the heaven that waits beyond
  This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
  In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
  Reflect the source divine;
Oh, then be kind, whoe'er thou art,
  That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
  And sweeten even death.

EDMONIA LEWIS.

All who were present at Tremont Temple, on the Monday evening of the presentation to Rev. Mr. Grimes, of the Marble Group of "Forever Free," executed by Miss Edmonia Lewis, must have been deeply interested. No one not born subject to the "Cotton King" could look upon this piece of sculpture without profound emotion. The noble figure of the man, his very muscles seeming to swell with gratitude; the expression of the right now to protect, with which he throws his arm around his kneeling wife: the "Praise de Lord" hovering on their lips, the broken chain, all so instinct with life, telling in the very poetry of stone the story of the last ten years. And when it is remembered who created this group, an added interest is given to it. Who threw so much expression into those figures? What well-known sculptor arranged with such artistic grace those speaking forms? Will any one believe it was the small hand of a girl that wrought the marble and kindled the light within it? A girl of dusky hue, mixed Indian and African, who not more than eight years ago sat down on the steps of the City Hall to eat the dry crackers with which alone her empty purse allowed her to satisfy her hunger; but as she sat and thought of her dead brother, of her homeless state, something caught her eye, the hunger of the stomach ceased, but the hunger of the soul began. That quiet statue of the good old Franklin had touched the electric spark, and kindled the latent genius which was enshrined within her, as her own group was in the marble till her chisel brought it out. For weeks she haunted that spot and the State House, where she could see Washington and Webster. She asked questions, and found that such things were first made in clay. She got a lump of hard mud, shaped her some sticks, and her heart divided between art and the terrible struggle for freedom, which had just received the seal of Col. Shaw's blood, she wrought out from photographs, and her own ideal, an admirable bust of him. This made the name of Edmonia Lewis known in Boston. The unknown waif on the steps of City Hall had, in a few short months, become an object of interest to a large circle of those most anxious about the great problem of the development of the colored race in their new position.

We next hear of Edmonia in Rome, where her perseverance, industry, genius and *naivete* made her warm friends. Miss Charlotte Cushman and Miss Hosmer took great interest in her. Her studio was visited by all strangers, who looked upon the creations of this untaught maiden as marvellous. She modelled there "The Freedwoman on First Hearing of her Liberty," of which it is said—"It tells with much eloquence a painful story." No one can deny that she has distinguished herself in sculpture, not perhaps in the highest grade, but in a most natural and pleasing form. Six months ago the waif returned to her own country, to sit once again on the steps of the City Hall, just to recall the "then" and contrast it with the "now." "Then," hungry, heart-weary, no plan for the future. "Now," the hunger of the soul satisfied; freedom to do, to achieve, won by her own hand; friends gained, the world to admire. She brought with her to this country a bust of "our" poet, said to be one of the best ever taken. It has been proposed by some of Longfellow's friends to have it put in marble, for Harvard. It would be a beautiful thought that the author of Hiawatha should be embalmed in stone by a descendant from Minnehaha. And certainly nothing can be more appropriate than the presentation to Rev. Mr. Grimes, the untiring friend of his race, the indomitable worker, the earnest preacher of this rare work, "Forever Free," uniting grace and sentiment, the offspring of an enthusiastic soul who consecrates her genius to truth and beauty.—*Boston Christian Register.*

Wounded Animals.—Mr. Berg, President of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has had manufactured at a cost of $5,000, an immense truck for the conveyance from the streets of disabled animals. The floor of the truck slides in and out on rollers, and is so connected with machinery that after the floor has been run out to receive the animal, two men, by working the machinery draw the quadruped in. Inside of the truck a stretcher is provided to support the animal. The body of the truck, which is enclosed, bears several characteristic mottoes, including: "The merciful man is merciful to his beast." "Cruelty to animals renders the heart insensible to the sufferings of mankind."

FORWARD.

Keep not standing fixed and rooted,
  Briskly venture, briskly roam;
Head and hand where'er thou foot it,
  And stout heart are still at home.

In what land the sun does visit
  Brisk are we whate'er betide;
To give space for wandering is it
  That the world was made so wide.

GOETHE.

BARNUM ON ADVERTISING.

"I thoroughly understood the art of advertising, not merely by means of printer's ink, which I have always used freely, and to which I confess myself so much indebted for my success, but by turning every possible circumstance to my account. It was my monomania to make the Museum the town wonder and town talk. I often seized upon an opportunity by instinct, even before I had a very definite conception as to how it should be used, and it seemed, somehow, to mature itself and serve my purpose. As an illustration, one morning a stout, hearty-looking man, came into my ticket-office and begged some money. I asked him why he did not work and earn his living? He replied that he could get nothing to do and that he would be glad of any job at a dollar a day. I handed him a quarter of a dollar, told him to go and get his breakfast and return, and I would employ him at light labor at a dollar and a half a day. When he returned I gave him five common bricks.

"Now," said I, "go and lay a brick on the sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street; another close by the Museum; a third diagonally across the way at the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street, by the Astor House; put down the fourth on the sidewalk in front of St. Paul's Church, opposite; then, with the fifth brick in hand, take up a rapid march from one point to the other, making the circuit, exchanging your brick at every point, and say nothing to any one."

"What is the object of this?" inquired the man.

"No matter," I replied; "all you need to know is that it brings you fifteen cents wages per hour. It is a bit of my fun, and to assist me properly you must seem to be as deaf as a post; wear a serious countenance; answer no questions; pay no attention to any one; but attend faithfully to the work and at the end of every hour by St. Paul's clock show this ticket at the Museum door; enter, walking solemnly through every hall in the building; pass out, and resume your work."

With the remark that it was "all one to him, so long as he could earn his living," the man placed his bricks and began his round. Half an hour afterwards, at least five hundred people were watching his mysterious movements. He had assumed a military step and bearing, and looking as sober as a judge, he made no response whatever to the constant inquiries as to the object of his singular conduct. At the end of the first hour, the sidewalks in the vicinity were packed with people all anxious to solve the mystery. The man, as directed then went into the Museum, devoting fifteen minutes to a solemn survey of the halls, and afterwards returning to his round. This was repeated every hour till sundown and whenever the man went into the Museum a dozen or more persons would buy tickets and follow him, hoping to gratify their curiosity in regard to the purpose of his movements. This was continued for several days—the curious people who followed the man into the Museum considerably more than paying his wages—till finally the policeman, to whom I had imparted my object, complained that the obstruction of the sidewalk by crowds had become so serious that I must call in my "brick man." This trivial incident excited considerable talk and amusement; it advertised me; and it materially advanced my purpose of making a lively corner near the Museum."—*From Advance Sheets of "Struggles and Triumphs; or, Forty Years' Recollections of P. T. Barnum."—J. B. Burr and Company, Hartford, Publishers.*

A Useful Table.—To aid farmers in arriving at accuracy in estimating the amount of land in different fields under cultivation, the following table is given:—

5 yards wide by 968 yards long contains 1 acre.
10 yards wide by 484 yards long contains 1 acre.
20 yards wide by 242 yards long contains 1 acre.
40 yards wide by 121 yards long contains 1 acre.
80 yards wide by 60 1-2 yards long contains 1 acre.
70 yards wide by 69 1-2 yards long contains 1 acre.
220 feet wide by 198 feet long contains 1 acre.
440 feet wide by 99 feet long contains 1 acre.
110 feet wide by 369 feet long contains 1 acre.
60 feet wide by 726 feet long contains 1 acre.
120 feet wide by 363 feet long contains 1 acre.
240 feet wide by 181 1-2 feet long contains 1 acre.

Mr. Charles True, of Lee, while on a voyage to Montevideo in South America, the past year, was on board of his ship at anchor in the mouth of the river, about four miles below the city. On weighing anchor, a large quantity of mud came up upon the fluke of the anchor, full of shells. Climbing over the side of the vessel, to collect the shells, he noticed a curious looking stone which he saved with the shells and brought home. It is a specimen of Egyptian porphyry, polished on two sides and bevelled for a mosaic pavement, as used by the Romans. The Roman cement still adheres on one side. There is no mistaking the specimen, but it is very curious to know how it came there, and that it should be drawn up by the anchor.

"There is a perennial nobleness in *Work.*" So wrote Carlyle, while indulging in one of those grand flights of thought so peculiarly his own. This is a sublime truth too often lost sight of amid the bustle and confusion of every-day life. We grow weary, and forget that this very weariness is productive of the highest good which it is in the nature of man to reach. The pangs of sorrow, and all the mental ills to which we can claim heirship, are soothed to rest and made powerless for evil by the potency of the spell which busy hands and hearts throw over them.

All truth belongs to God. No individual, then, should regard it as his personal property. If he does, his arrogance and self-love close up the gates by which it flows into the soul, and what truth he has dies within him, or is made inoperative. As in us all truth is progressive, so the mind should be left continually open for the enlargement and modification of our thoughts, and for the reception of new ideas.

Advertisements.

PACIFIC RAILWAY GOLD LOAN.

Messrs. Dabney, Morgan & Co., 53 Exchange Place, and M. K. Jesup & Co., 12 Pine Street, N. Y., offer for sale the Bonds of the Kansas Pacific Railway. These Bonds pay seven per cent. in Gold; have thirty years to run; are Free from Government Taxation; are secured by a Land Grant of Three Million Acres of the Finest Lands in Kansas and Colorado. In addition to this special grant the Company also owns Three Millions of Acres in Kansas, which are being rapidly sold to develop the country and improve the road. They are a first mortgage upon the extension of the road from Sheridan, Kansas, to Denver, Colorado. The road in operation 437 miles long upon which it is also a mortgage *now earns more than enough net income to pay the interest on the new loan.* There is no better security in the market—this being in some respects better than Government Securities. *Principal and Interest payable in Gold.* Price 96, and accrued Interest, in Currency. Pamphlets, Maps and Circulars furnished on application.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the purposes of a Laxative Medicine.

Perhaps no one medicine is so universally required by everybody as a cathartic, nor was ever any before so universally adopted into use, in every country and among all classes, as this mild but efficient purgative *Pill.* The obvious reason is, that it is a more reliable and far more effectual remedy than any other. Those who have tried it, know that it cured them; those who have not, know that it cures their neighbors and friends, and all know that what it does once it does always—that it never fails through any fault or neglect of its composition. We have thousands upon thousands of certificates of their remarkable cures of the following complaints, but such cures are known in every neighborhood, and we need not publish them. Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates; containing neither calomel or any deleterious drug, they may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar coating preserves them ever fresh and makes them pleasant to take, while being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

They operate by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action—remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, restoring their irregular action to health, and by correcting, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first origin of disease.

Minute directions are given in the wrapper on the box, for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite**, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers**, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa**, but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back** and **Loins**, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change these complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings** they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression** a large dose should be taken as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels into healthy action, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1868.

AWARDED:

1st—ONE (of the five) GRAND PRIZE.

"Material for the Relief of the wounded in the war of 1861

IN THE DEPARTMENT, UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION

The Highest Expression of the Imperial Commission.

2d—Bronze Medal (exclusive cast) and Diploma.

DR. E. D. HUDSON.

FOR ARTIFICIAL LIMBS (Legs and Arms.)

By the International Jury, PARIS, 1867.

Le Conseiller D'Etat, Commissaire General, F. Le Play. | Le Ministre, Vice-Pres't de la Com. Imperiale, Ce. Foreade.

Report of U. S. Commissioner, T. W. Evans, M. D., Member of the Jury of the Universal Exposition, to the United States. William H. Seward, Secretary, Department of State. To wit:

Dr. Hudson has received from the Imperial Commission a Bronze Medal and Diploma, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE

CONFERENCE

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION

At the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.

In the name of the Conference of Associations for the Relief of Wounded Soldiers and Sailors,

"I have the honor to inform you that a Medal has been awarded to you, by the Assembly of Delegates at the Distinguished Seance of the 31st of August, 1867—for the services which you have rendered to the cause of Universal Humanity.

Paris, September 8th, 1868.

Count Serurier, Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.

Count G. de Chabouly, T. Gauvin, General Secretaries.

To Monsieur Hudson."

E. D. HUDSON, M. D., 696 Broadway, N. Y.

Specialty of Mechanical Surgery, and Artificial Legs and Arms. 21 tf

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NEW SCALE PIANOS,

With Iron Frame, Overstrung Bass and Agraffe Bridge.

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The best Manufactured. Warranted for six years.

Pianos, Melodeons and Organs. Prices greatly reduced for cash. New 7-Octave Pianos for $275 and upward. New Cabinet Organs for $45 and upward. Second-hand Instruments from $40 to $175. Monthly instalments received, and instruments for rent. Warerooms, 481 Broadway, New York.

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THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

VOL. XXX. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

AARON M. POWELL, Editor.

The Standard advocates entire freedom and immediate enfranchisement for the colored race, as the demand of justice. Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured.

Eminent writers contribute weekly to its columns, and the Editor is permitted to announce

WENDELL PHILLIPS

as a Special Editorial Contributor. Full reports will also be published of the Addresses of Mr. Phillips, revised and corrected by himself.

The Standard, though chiefly devoted to the consideration of the Freedom and well-being of the colored race, will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the Rights of Women, Temperance, Education, etc. It will also present a department of choice Literary Miscellany. It is intended that, without forgetting its main object, The Standard shall be carefully and thoroughly edited in all its other departments, and be welcomed by all classes of readers.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, in a letter accompanying a remittance for The Standard, writes as follows:

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